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BY

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To

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PART ONE

PHILOSOPHY

IT seemed strange and wonderful to be seated in the ancient cloister-court of the Albert-Ludwig University with Herr Broderson on a warm spring afternoon. Herr Broderson was speaking to me of the individual note in our teacher's, Professor Rickert's, philosophy; of the difference between his and other doctrines of idealism, and especially of that one of its aspects which constituted a complete refutation of fashionable "psychologism." This was what I had come to Freiburg to learn, and yet, and although Herr Broderson's voice beat insistently on my ear, my attention continually escaped, and jumped from the splash of the sparkling fountain to the chirruping of the birds in the leafage of the trees, to the hum of the voices wafted from the open windows of the lecture-room, to the passing of the students from the sunny court into the darkness of the portals of the house, and back again to Herr Broderson's absorbed countenance. And, between these sense-impressions wrapped in a haze of charm, irrelevant pictures of the scenes

left behind in New York irrupted jerkily, Columbia University Library, Riverside Drive, Central Park West, — all these hard in outline and bare of enveloping emotion.

So strange indeed did it seem to me, as I looked at Herr Broderson's forbidding countenance, and into his eyes whose gaze turned inward, as if to watch and control the generation of his ideas, that I suffered intensely from a desire rudely to interrupt the workings of his perfectly adjusted mind, to take his hands into mine and to call to him: "Herr Broderson, stop! Look at me, think for a moment of this: how is it possible that I should listen to you and follow the intricacies of your thought, when I am pressed upon by a thousand mysterious and charming things that are as fantastic as a dream, so little do I understand them and my place in their midst. Tell me rather, Herr Broderson, why the sparse grass, the song of your birds, the sun and shadow, the brick and mortar of this convent college, the silhouettes of hurrying students, and why your own impenetrable and unseeing eyes thrill and excite me, and fill me with a painful desire to understand, and feel, and feel at home among you. What can it avail me to conquer these last

refinements of dialectics, when, alas, whole scenes from reality masquerade as dreams? You, Herr Broderson, who are a part of this world, make it real for me as well, prepare it for me so that my excited spirit may be able to assimilate it and grow and expand. Assuage the pain of my desire to embrace this new experience; my senses are alive, but my spirit does not respond."

Herr Broderson's voice cut more and more incisely into the atmosphere, his sentences were neat and complete, and by the time he touched upon the heart of the doctrine, my attention had with a great effort returned to his discourse; the sun was extinguished, all sounds of nature were silenced, the Gothic cloisters and New York were correlative geographical points, and Broderson the "mediator" between the new doctrine and myself. My walk homeward in the golden air of the setting sun was a progression through the many objections that presented themselves to my mind, one after the other, in reference to the doctrine with which I had just become acquainted.

AT twilight I sat on my white balustraded balcony that overhung the lilac bushes of the garden below and gave on a broad avenue of chestnuts. From it the eye looked out upon the distant hills of the Black Forest, passing on its way over many shingled roofs and purpling tree tops and around the lonely point of the cathedral spire dim in the dying light.

But to-night I noticed none of these things, for my thoughts were struggling to master the conflicting states within me and to pierce the obscurity of their relation. I had come to Freiburg, — this much seemed certain, — with the sole purpose of learning the ultimate and most profound truths of life. After an apprenticeship in training and sharpening the mind, I wanted and I meant to really use it; no longer to play with thoughts, but to reach out and grasp things: to know. And to know not merely for the pleasure of knowing, but for the richness and the completeness of living, I thought. For it seemed to me that to come to a decision in the full consciousness of free-

dom, of power and of right, to have every act call up upon demand an illumined outline of ultimate purpose, to know what one might desire and why, and thus to be master of oneself to the extent of living without hesitations and doubts, — this seemed to me an objective so dazzling and so full of the promise of expanding life, that beside it all other forms of living were grey, blind, and half dead.

But to achieve such life, to truly create one's destiny, one must know what truth, goodness and beauty are and their interrelation, and to understand these values one must know the nature of the mind of man, and since the mind can be comprehended in relation to reality only, one must know what reality itself is. Yes, it seemed to me that one *must* hold this knowledge and that nothing less could be accepted as life.

And I, Henrie Waste, was travelling the road toward this wonderful goal and the journey was indeed a delicious entrancement. — I leaned my arms on the cool balustrade and my head upon them, and closing my eyes I concentrated my thoughts upon my journey. Most of all — it occurred to me — it resembled an excursion into the bowels of the earth in quest of hidden

treasure. And immediately I saw the world with its heat and languor, its discordant sounds and blinding sights, recede and disappear, as I entered a dark cave and was met by silence, coolness and concentration. And slowly groping through the dark I deliciously felt strength flowing into my enervated body, and with it consciousness of my own movements flowing in. And descending ever farther into the dark profundities, and walking winding ways that seemed always to promise an approach to the goal, — at last I perceived a faint effulgence radiating through the darkness, and immediately and wonderfully my body felt and knew itself to be the source of this light, and a marvellous and almost deifying sense of creative insight possessed it and exhilarated it.

Yes, approximately thus did the mind's pursuit of truth feel, I told myself, as I opened my eyes and inhaled the fragrance that wafted from the lilacs below.

But what then of the sounds and sights of the world left behind? What of the dancing sunlight of the cloister yards, the song of the birds, the sparkle of the fountain, Herr Broderson's inturned gaze, and the fragrance of these lilacs beneath the balcony? For these things

too forced themselves upon the inhospitable mind, and they too, alas, were a delicious enchantment. . . . What else could these things be, I instructed myself, but the chaotic, the unselected raw material for reflection; the disconnected facts of experience, that made over by the mind, came ultimately to constitute the vague subject of the proposition: "the world is thus and thus," a subject manifestly far less interesting than its rightful predicate.

And yet, I further asked myself, if this be the case, why and whence the charm, the delight, the feeling of enrichment and expansion in experiencing these factual things? Whence the stimulation, the excitement and the fatigue that flows from them? Whence and why? — I found no answer, because I did not know; and it seemed to me that in the fact that I did not know, and that there was no other way of finding out than to think methodically about the matter, lay the supremacy of systematic thought, of philosophy. And I concluded with finality that before judging the seductive sights and sounds of the earth's surface, the profundities of thought must have yielded valid standards of criticism, and that although these objects of the outer constitution of the

world received by the senses must indeed be analyzed and classified, the energy consumed in what was felt as their appeal must, on the contrary, be withdrawn from such use in order to be transferred to the intellectual struggle.

How this was to be done I could not clearly see nor foresee, and detached thoughts that shot up, flickered and before illumining went out like a dying flame tormented me: what function such emotions floating free of the intellect could have; — how, if one dwell on the possibility of a surprise the surprise upon arriving would no longer be a surprise, wherefore beware of despoiling the emotion of its flavour by heavily pondering on it; — yet, why this instinctive shying away from the whole problem when no more desirable achievement could be conceived than to convert blind feeling into seeing thought. . . .

"Feel as little as possible, and think as much as possible," I concluded and mechanically repeated to myself again and again in a chanting measure while I watched the twilight grow fainter, the air thicken and darken, the lilacs veil themselves, and from the pond beyond the frogs announce the night. A solitary man passed up the street, and his slow and

hesitating steps seemed to sound the ebbing of light, strength and life. I felt stupid; a little unhappy, and very happy. Life was fearfully and wonderfully complex; the night was full of shadows, and heavy with feeling and with silence. — Yet, a few hours hence the day would dispel the night with light; and the mind of man lived and took joy in resolving life's complexities.

MORE meetings with the kind Herr Broderson followed, and my knowledge of the unpublished doctrine of our master grew, but the mystery and the charm of the new phases of the life about me remained the same and defied me. For Herr Broderson turned a deaf ear to my unspoken prayer for enlightenment, and while he shared with me his remarkably minute knowledge of the history of philosophy, he kept to himself the thoughts and feelings with which he responded to the environment he had emerged from. And I had to resign myself to finding the intuitional mode of approach through the informed spirit of another closed to my clamouring mind.

After a time another method suggested itself, and I welcomed it with some self-congratulation, for it appeared to me in the light of a personal discovery. Throughout life I had observed (I now recalled), and always with great astonishment, that in personal intercourse as well as in social and educational affairs, the prevailing attitude introduced,

encouraged and assumed when possible was that of simply taking for granted whatever happened to present itself.

I had always indeed regarded this manner of receiving the world, negating, as it does, the philosophic spirit which feeds on wonder, as the typically stupid manner, and had looked upon the multitudes who find nothing at which to marvel with unsympathetic pity; — but now, suddenly, it seemed to me that I might nevertheless be mistaken, and that this stupidity might have a very intelligible reason for being, not indeed as a final attitude, but certainly as a methodological pose. For it occurred to me that as some shy animals only venture forth when thinking themselves unobserved, and as some sensitive beings can endure the presence of others only while believing themselves ignored, so perhaps the works and arrangements of man, too, might flash out their meaning if not too eagerly inspected. And indeed, and after all, does not the atmosphere of emotion, I wondered, — of admiration, of interest and enjoyment — accompanying the philosophical attitude, obscure the light of reason necessary to scientific inquiry. . . . Does not science, as well as stupidity, take for

granted that all that is has excellent reasons for being. . . . Does science not confine itself to discovering what is and how it is conditioned, and leave to philosophy the "why's" and "wherefore's". . . . Indeed is it even conceivable that one fall into rapt admiration before a manifestation of nature and at the same time discover its laws?

With such reflections I sought to convince myself that by concealing the feelings which the beauty and the strangeness of my surroundings excited in me, and by treating these as emotionally indifferent, I should succeed in secretly coaxing from them their hidden meaning, and I thought to foresee that thus in the end I should vanquish their power over me by finding myself in unison with them. And accordingly I undertook a sentimentally sterilized, purely intellectual survey of the things about me by simply plunging into their midst as if in truth they formed the element in which it was natural for me to breathe; and I determined to observe freely, without scruple, and unobstructed by prejudice. . . .

KOMMILITONEN" and teacher were the objects upon which I first turned my emancipated eyes.

My fellow students, of whom there were more than one hundred, presented themselves to me as a mixed assemblage of men, whose common trait as students was a genuinely serious interest in the subject of philosophy and in its local exponent, Professor Rickert. And as young men "an sich," on the other hand, they seemed to be characterized by a peculiar formalism attendant on all their actions, so that even trivial affairs, such as personal concussions of insignificant proportions and inevitable in the process of getting to one's place along the narrow line of ancient benches, became for them occasions for military salutes and elaborately framed and distinctly enunciated apologies. Toward students of my sex (of whom there were very few) these youths never failed in the superficial courtesies; doors were held open with the same profound bow, and any small matter that could be adjusted

without speech between two or more of us was attended to by them with that rigidity of expression and gesture associated with complete and habitual self-control. In short, in general demeanour they exhibited a perfect adaptation to some, as it were, preformed and unchanging series of important circumstances. And yet in unguarded and so to say private moments, their sharp and penetrating eyes seemed clearly to confide: "This is myself; the mask which I wear, and which is dictated by common sense and by tradition, may be donned and doffed at will; seek me as an individual and you will find me."

Upon the appearance in class of the Master, as I usually called Professor Rickert romantically to myself, the assemblage acclaimed him by stamping and rubbing the sanded floor with the soles of their shoes. This performance, after it lost the extrinsic charm of novelty, grated unpleasantly on the ear and irritated the eye as well, carrying with it, as it did by association, the notion of a symbolic protest, in that the bad manners of beginning a promised performance late might best be brought to the notice of the responsible persons by the bad manners of a kicking and shuffling audience.

Nevertheless, somehow, it had in the University become the classical form of greeting.

The Master who entered thus welcomed, entered, it seemed to me, like a sea-breeze on a hot summer's day. He was a tall and angular man, and his great shock of fairish hair arranged itself in such fashion that it afforded him the opportunity of constantly tossing his "genialer Kopf," and of brushing back the refractory strands with his nervous hand. His walk was peculiarly rapid and springy, and this, combined with an upright carriage, a facial expression of intense if vague determination, distended nostrils and compressed lips, made of him, to my sense, as he rushed to his platform, an entertaining incarnation of his own doctrine of the supremacy of the will. And this impression was heightened when in intellectual action his head tossed, and his grey eyes flashed, and his incisive voice rang out its eloquent appeal to our minds to receive and absorb unlimited philosophical information beginning with Thales and ending with Nietzsche. Only after reflection and upon consultation of one's note-book did this flood of eloquence resolve itself into the most systematic of analyses of the subject under discussion. Then indeed the firsts,

seconds to x's, and a's, b's, to z's, began to show their bony skeletons below the picturesque flesh and blood that gave form to the artistic individuality of the lecture. Then indeed it became apparent that the distinguishing characteristics of his presentation were clearness and thoroughness, and that his fervour was but an additional quality of his delivery, produced in part by his great rapidity of speech and by the physical energy displayed in flashing eyes and ringing voice, and in part by his strong "Parteilichkeit." For it soon became clear that the flame of his eloquence was fanned by his passionate interest in the flowers and the flaws of the doctrines under treatment and their evaluation according to standards he himself accepted, and which he wished every mind within his sphere of influence to accept.

His professorial methods contrasted interestingly, I reflected, with those of my former teacher from whom I had learned what a constructive mind can do in the field of the historical and critical. For that marvellous interpreter possessed to an extraordinary degree the faculty of applying the Socratic method to his own mind, so that, in listening to him, one assisted at the very conception,

embryonic growth, and triumphant birth of a prolific family of thoughts. His brain resembled, I thought, a brilliant ball of light and heat; light to bring to view a hundred hidden or only potential facts, and heat to develop in them sufficient life to permit them to evolve into definite shapes with definite relations to already familar things. His synthetic mind touched the complexity of the world at so many points that from the contact it retained the flavour of infinite and changing reality, and his sympathetic spirit was of such great range and such penetrating insight into the visions of others, that he was able to reproduce any and all systems of philosophy enveloped in the original cloud of metaphysical feeling from which they had concentrated. . . .

In comparison with his exciting and enriching talk, Rickert's lectures seemed but clarifying and systematizing; while both men through their enthusiasm became embodiments of the will to know and apostles of the gospel of the supreme importance of philosophical truth.

MY first impression of the Master was marred by viewing him in the wrong frame. On the occasion of my introductory call he was seated in his drawing-room with a preternaturally grave expression, almost a suspicious one, and he received my explanation of the object of my visit in deep and distrustful silence. Only very gradually, and not before it had filled me with discomfort and some confusion, did this mental attitude give way to a realization on his part of the necessity of dealing fairly with a somewhat novel situation; and the possibility of finding interest in it penetrated his consciousness very slowly, it seemed to me, before it wrung from him a more or less gracious consent to my request for the privilege of his instruction. But once having made up his mind to accept me, a female stranger of unknown quality, (if only experimentally,) the suspicious and weighty expression left him, his eyes flashed, agreeable and still youthful smiles punctuated his animated discussion of details, and he finally dismissed me with a hearty

human handshake and with an introduction to the Senior of the "Seminar." I carried with me the pleasant feeling that from an object of undisguised suspicion I had become one of at least pedagogical interest to a reputedly splendid teacher and an agreeable if capricious man.

The "Senior" to whom I was presented I found to be an oldish young man, short, stocky, fair and ugly, with near-sighted pince-nez'd eyes that rarely looked one in the face, but shifting from one nearby object to another seemed to see only one thing at a time and nothing at all in the distance. The Master rated this man as a great talent, and indeed his power of dealing in subtle abstractions was extraordinary and it seemed to me that his myopic eyes must have had something to do with the development of this power. In our slight acquaintance his communications were mainly businesslike in matter, but were delivered in an abashed and apologetic manner which gave to them a strangely insincere flavour, the reason for which one could not divine and felt no inclination to search after even at the risk of doing the man an injustice. So that this "tüchtiger junger Mann," as the Master had called him, remained a closed book

to me, one with an unattractive cover and with the appearance of a learned and instructive content; in fact a "tüchtige" book, — the kind one stows away at the back of a shelf with slight qualms of conscience, and watches disappear with a feeling of immense relief.

Herr Meyer — such was his name — presented to me a key to the Seminar room, whose door having no handle on the outside kept out the illegitimate and keyless; and he also instructed me in seminarial regulations. The only unusual one of these was the obligation to rise upon the entrance of the Master at his weekly Seminar course held in this room. It transpired that a general upjumping with military precision upon his appearance on the threshold, and a continuance in this position until a gracious wave of the hand worthy of a more heroic occasion liberated us, was a Freiburg tradition adhered to with apparent enthusiasm.

The Seminar room itself was a poor little concern, cut down its middle by a long table at which we all worked, and covered on three of its sides with a small and dusty reference library. It was situated on the top floor of the oldest wing of the University, formerly the

Monastery, and its inadequate windows looked down upon a narrow stone-flagged street flanked on the opposite side by little old houses in which bakers, florists, hair-dressers and sausage-makers lived and laboured. Fortunately for us they performed both these duties in an unostentatious manner, and the ancient street, the old cloister building, the unimproved study table and chairs, and the musty books filled chiefly with ancient thoughts, all harmonized and gave a pleasing sense of the dignity and weight of the human tradition of which we, the only youthful note in the picture, were the outcome and the heirs.

Such was the room, such was the fountain-head at which we imbibed knowledge which some day, combined with experience, was to undergo a chemical change within the organism and be transmuted into the rare stuff of wisdom. But for the most part we quaffed knowledge without "arrière-pensée," and we drank it for the delicious sensation of quenching spiritual thirst, and found it a strange and subtle concoction some of whose elements appeared to soothe and satisfy while others continually defeated the object of the whole by creating anew a demand for more. And here once a

week from four in the afternoon until six or seven the great fountain of knowledge played to our delectation, the Master held "Seminar."

On my first appearance at the Seminar I was given a seat between the "tüchtiger junger Mann" and the Master himself, by whom I was presented to the class as a student from across the Atlantic desirous of making her "doctor", and of working along the lines of his, the Master's, philosophical discoveries (I had almost said inventions), wherefore "it was not unnatural that to her should be assigned the last and most comprehensive paper of the Seminar's programme, which might then be considered a kind of test of the abilities of the writer to fulfill the conditions imposed upon anyone proposing to work and to receive the reward of work with him, the Master." The sixteen recipients of what to me, filled with fright, seemed an entirely confidential communication suited for my ears alone, behaved — as far as my distracted senses permitted me to observe — with almost superhuman politeness. Not an eye turned in my direction, and yet, far from comforting me, this unnatural procedure gave me the feeling of being a lonely beating heart among one destruction-bringing tornado and

sixteen mountain peaks, rigid, icy, incalculably distant and decidedly unsafe for human sojourn.

This episode passed, the work of the Seminar was taken in hand: Herr Broderson, the highest peak, read a paper to the others, after which there followed a rapid, critical summing up by the tornado, and a warm discussion on the part of some of the sixteen which soon thawed them into the semblance of eager and absorbed students and permitted me to observe them at my leisure.—Opposite me sat a tall, fair-haired man of the type usually called Christ-like; his forehead was high, his blue eyes had a benign mildness, his nose was prominent with large and sensitive nostrils, and his mouth being bearded was anything one wished to imagine it; I wished to imagine it refined and sensitive. His personality exhaled spirituality of a sentimental type; there clung to him the flavour of the eighteenth century; — I thought of Schiller. This was candidatus philosophiae Schulze, my friend to be.

Next to Schulze sat two men, who, as I later learned, were close friends and inseparable companions. One of them was extremely tall, thin and excessively ugly; his head and face

were of a roundness most unbecoming to his bony frame, and his look was keen, hungry and sly. His shorter and better put-up friend had what his countrymen called a "Charakter Kopf," his hair was dishevelled, and he shaved his face, but his good looks were marred by the same surreptitious manner of viewing the part of the world about him as that of his friend. The first man was reputed a mind of the legal type, the second a poet. These two men appeared, even upon closer acquaintance, never to dare to drop their masks and be themselves, so I never knew any more of them than their unadvantageous shells. In spite of, or perhaps because of, this lack of sympathy, they together with the "tüchtiger junger Mann" did me eminent service, which I quite grew to depend on. For when my attention, falling back into its emotional attitude, wandered from one companion in study to the other, and, in attempting the vain task of penetrating intuitively into their minds, tired and tormented itself, — by returning to one of these three beings it came to rest. Here at least no problem and no task tempted me, and thus I owed some comfort to these rare cases of antipathy.

Next to these men sat cand. Traub, a shape-

less man with clean-shaven clear-cut face and fair straight hair that continually fell over his forehead, although tossing the head was a gesture never undertaken by his heavy and plodding organism. In his characteristic position he sat leaning over his books holding his head in both hands, and his hot and ruffled look bore eloquent witness to the difficulties of the struggle. In intercourse he was amiable and unaggressive, smiled easily and spoke mildly in a variety of the North-German tongue, in which even Maeterlinck dialogue would have sounded cut and dried and sensible.

By his side sat cand. Gruntze. Cand. Gruntze came from Saxony, and having just served his military year he retained a great deal of military form, psychologically speaking; physically, he was a compact, rotund person, and the combination resulted in an entertaining pomposity. For even in the philosophical Seminar, cand. Gruntze remained the "Weltmann," whose interests no Seminar room or any other device whatever could prevent from escaping and spanning the world. And this specialty in outlook expressed itself even sartorially: — it was cand. Gruntze's custom *f.i.* to partake of the two o'clock Sunday dinner,

to which some of us were occasionally invited at the Master's home, in a white shirt bosom and evening dress.

Farther along the line sat Dr. Kantowitz, a handsome black-bearded man, who, a biologist by profession, had entered our Seminar solely in order to discover what philosophy had to say concerning the limitations of natural science. His social manner was more cosmopolitan and more polished than his neighbours', and moreover he seemed the only one among them with a temperament of the "feurige" order; and he confined exhibitions of his enthusiasm for the natural sciences and his antipathy to philosophy to private occasions, realizing perhaps that in class, owing to his slight acquaintance with the latter, the results might have been disastrous for him. Opposite him sat Gönner and Oesterling. I like to think of them now as I liked to look at them and talk to them then; two good-looking, big, wholesome and earnest boys of the same fair Teuton type, strong, slow and intelligent. Gönner was a "Badenser" and a student of political economy, and Oesterling a Swabian who had decided to become a physician; both friends were interested in philosophy but regarded its

study as a luxury if not a downright orgy, for they were what is called practical-minded souls who realized that there was a tremendous amount of work waiting to be done in the world, and that they were meant to do some of it with the least possible delay.

And then there came a middle-aged be-spectacled eminently comfortable and dignified catholic theologian robed in his black gown, and one asked herself "Que fait-il dans cette galère?" The remaining students included two or three bearded men who looked alike and seemed to attend from an instinct of thoroughness rather than a love of philosophy, and a few young men who had not yet made up their minds where their great talents lay and were here for the purpose of finding out.

I entered this circle of philosophical aspirants, socially speaking, one Sunday noon, when the Master and his wife gathered us at their hospitable board. At table, and through the influence of many kinds of wine, tongues loosened, and the resulting conversation, considering the relationship between ourselves, ignorant if anxious pursuers of knowledge, and himself, omniscient judge of the universe, was extraordinarily lively and free, and whatever

lingered of reserve and formality was on our part rather than on that of "Herr" and "Frau Professor." Both of these indeed showed a sincere and hearty interest in us all, an attitude for which my previous experience in home colleges had left me unprepared, and which therefore greatly amazed me. For far from confining their interest to our philosophical predilections and development, not apparently considering our studying selves our only selves, they showed a desire to become acquainted with all phases of our personalities, histories and aspirations, in my case extending to and embracing the manner of dressing the hair. This conception of human intercourse was one of which I entirely approved in theory, so that I asked myself: why does it not work better in practice?

The Master's villa was situated on an avenue just beyond the river and outside the limits of the town proper. On the occasion of this first dinner, cand. Gruntze in his dress suit, and the legal and poetic pair of friends and cand. Schulze in Prince Albert coats walked back to the town with me in the middle of the afternoon. We marched together down the shady avenue, and marched together over

a bridge spanning the broad river-bed. The river Dreysam was not indeed occupying it, for it had a habit of drying up in summer, but three or four bridges with mediaeval towers crossed it, and pretty green lawns and gardens lay down beside it, and the whole town made a great fuss about it architecturally, so that it was hard to get used to its not being there at all. And all of a sudden everything seemed so strange and improbable (to say the least) that I asked myself with a secret look at the four pairs of original shoes (also to say the least) marching beside me in a row, whether I was dreaming or waking. . . .

And beyond the bridge we marched along another sunny and shady avenue to the house in which I lived and where my white balustraded balcony overhanging the lilacs greeted me, and here the four pairs of shoes saluted in military fashion, four hats were snatched off in unison and restored to their places in leisure, and the dress suit and three Prince Albert coats marched away. But the warm sunshiny Sunday air remained and the lilacs wafted familiar fragrance through it, and the Münster-chimes filled it musically and I and my two feet were alone and I again felt awake and probable. . . .

HAVING entered the Seminar family, my position gradually became defined. Herr Meyer, the "tüchtiger junger Mann," as became his character and position, accepted me without question and with a sense of responsibility; Herr Broderson with friendly interest, confined to the sphere of intellect, likewise Herr Schulze whose interest did not appear quite so concentrated. Herr Gruntze accepted me because as a man of the world he was bound to welcome any addition to his "entourage"; Herr Traub accepted me as another complication of a not entirely unpleasant kind in an already extremely complicated situation out of which he was to extricate himself with a doctor's degree. The natural-science man welcomed me as a factor capable, if things went well, of off-setting the tedium of acquiring evidence of the futility of philosophical enquiry, of which he was already fully convinced. The theological student accepted me, as he probably accepted all things good or bad emanating from one divine source, without mental

comment, helplessly, resignedly. The one pair of friends perhaps tolerated me as inevitable, and the pair of nice boys thought me, I hoped, a nice girl.

As the etiquette of the Seminar room, which was essentially a library, demanded silence, acquaintance progressed slowly; most of the time a half-dozen of us sat scattered along the long table, immersed in some profound or bottomless pool in the ocean of philosophy that surrounded us, silent and absorbed. And in the lecture-rooms our small band lost itself among the hundred or more of the general student body in attendance and found little opportunity for intercourse. The men no doubt met outside the University and discussed philosophy while they ate in company at their favourite "Wirtshaus" in the town, or walked in company to their favourite "Wirtshaus" outside the town. In theory I envied them, but in fact I was entirely content.

For not only were the afternoons quite completely filled with study and lectures, but there were my wonderful mornings in their large summer size. These long and empty and airy mornings I *ostensibly* used for exercise, but what I *really* did was daily to succumb to the

charms of nature in perfect placidity. For the environs of Freiburg were lovely, and they were generously easy of approach to their lovers.

Within a quarter of an hour's walk from home miles of lovely meadows, white and yellow, purple and pink with the changing season, spread out in peaceful and broad amplitude, and through them little paths had been cut for those who, like myself, loved to walk in the green and gold, and yet could not bear to tread down living things. These meadows, which formed a broad valley flanked by the woods, some miles beyond began to narrow, and the flat woods rose to hills, and after a while the valley climbed gently upward between hills that grew taller and taller, until finally the famous gorge of the Höllenthal was reached. Here a fat little train puffed its way up through pine forests past torrents and fantastic rocks and mountain châlets to the highest point, the "Titisee", where it deposited Freiburgers and other lowlanders, sometimes for a row on the green lake, and always for a luncheon of trout and white wine.

Near the town the valley was dotted with gay villages. Many of their white-washed

cottages had bright blue or green shutters and on the shutters painted roses and daisies bloomed, and sometimes even blood-red hearts. . . . And in front of them tiny gardens stood guard, and their flowers were planted with regimental regularity and when there was a breeze they did not blow about in it, but exercised. And back of and around the cottages fruit orchards afforded shade to the still unemployed members of the peasant's family, besides looking lovely. And all these villages, no matter how small or remote, contained available supplies of coffee, bread and butter, honey, cheese and beer, and a shady garden in which to consume them, so that no native wanderer had ever to put to himself the disconcerting query: why have I come here?

And at almost any point one could cut across the fields, and, leaving behind what seemed like the golden peace of the droning hum of farming life, could enter into the dark and silent peace of the woods. These wonderful pine woods, which were cleared of underbrush so that the trees stood out individually in their tall grace, likewise possessed innumerable paths and trails, and at every particularly charming

turn rustic benches invited the admirer to linger. All of these nooks and points of view bore names made known to the wanderer on sign-boards, and most often they were names of saints or of great literary or scientific heroes, and no doubt were intended for suggestions to the loiterer as to the direction his thoughts should, in the opinion of the authorities concerned, take. At Goethe's Ecke it might perhaps be *possible* to think of St. Hubert's experiences, and at the Teufelsbrücke of St. Ottilie, and at St. Ottilienburg of Goethe, but this was no longer easy, and probably few persons were so wantonly perverse. — To wander in these forests, to listen to the branches singing, the little cascades splashing from stone to stone, to watch the life stirring in the moss and the fern, and the flecks of sunlight jump from spot to spot was refreshing to the soul like delicious sleep, — the charm of the somnolent state lying in the fact that deep down the soul knows itself to be asleep and able to awaken at will.

But even better than wandering alone through nature was wandering "à deux" with Wanda, the good old horse rented from Herr Universitätsreitlehrer Fiedler, — good being used

here in its purely Kantian sense and not in that of efficiency. Wanda was amiable, stout, lazy and harmless, and did the best she could with her equipment, which included neither a knowledge of trotting nor any aspirations towards temperament and its manifestations. Indeed there is no doubt that in all her long previous history, Wanda had known only two excursions into the world, for around and about Freiburg there existed but two roads terminating in bridle-paths. The less attractive of these led out of the town past the scientific schools and laboratories, past the hospitals, the prison and the "Kaserne," and away from the high road, through meadows, to a broad stretch of flat land forming the manœuvre field where military exercises and sham battles were held. Along this field, at the edge of some sparse woods enclosing it, ran one of the bridle-paths, and if one wished to take Wanda seriously and treating her as an end in herself let her practice her only accomplishment, the canter, — here was the most favourable opportunity. On the one occasion on which I brought her hither we encountered war. Little bright-hued soldiers leaped from hollows in a most unexpected way and pointed their guns,

as it seemed to me, at Wanda and myself; groups of them encircled us in wild rushes on all sides, lieutenants ran out of the woods in a great hurry and transfixed us with stares, and Wanda had occasionally to ride through a concert of cannonading, and occasionally also through one of martial music, which groups of soldiers were prettily practicing on fifes in shady groves, with sheets of music nailed to tree trunks in sylvan fashion.

The second official ride was the more idyllic one. It led out through my street and through the Master's and branched off at the municipal tennis courts along an interminable and hard road which looked shady but was not, until it reached that part of the forest in which lay the "Waldsee." This sheet of water called a lake was the so-to-say great bourgeois nature-enjoyment institution of Freiburg. It accommodated itself to and became a setting for all amusements in which it was suitable for good citizens of a small town to indulge. In the summer time breakfasts, dinners and suppers were served and engagement and wedding parties were celebrated in the halls of its restaurant whose terraces covered half its shore, while on its surface boats were provided

as an opportunity to become inclined to repeat the repast. Numerous benches within half a mile invited those who had over-exercised either at the repast or after it to rest themselves in the cool forest shade. And although there existed one terrace reserved for those who preferred originally white table-cloths to red ones and higher prices to lower, this concession to the aristocratic pretences of life was not taken advantage of and the lake remained exclusively red table-clothed, moderate and bourgeois. Along the side of this complex institution ran the second bridle-path of which the town boasted, and it was here that Wanda felt most at home. Here she would canter energetically for a short time, and in the consciousness of having done her part as a respectable, settled and unathletic horse should, she too sought her rest in the shade, where she stood, only because nature had not adapted her to the sitting posture, and where if possible she ate the trees.—But it rarely happened that Wanda was treated according to the Kantian moral law. For the most part she was degraded to a mere instrument of man, and was walked through forest roads and through miles of flat country past villages as unfamiliar to

her rider as to herself; and from being a fat and contented bourgeoise, Wanda was forced to become an exploring tramp.

In such fashion three weeks or more had passed. —

In the morning I told myself: "I am enjoying myself in such a manner that I am gathering strength without dissipating it; how fortunate I am." In the afternoon: "I am learning the things I thirst to know, in leisure and in peace of mind; how fortunate I am." At twilight: "A long future will see the activity of these stored-up forces; how wonderful it will be." And at night: "It has been a quiet, rich and splendid day. I am alone, but I am not lonely."

This last reflection — that I was not lonely — introduced itself, perhaps, because, as gradually I became more familiar with my surroundings in the sense in which one is familiar with natural phenomena of which one understands little, but having observed cause and effect knows what to expect on condition of abstaining from interference, — I occasionally did become obsessed by a desire to interfere. I sometimes did long to experiment with these surroundings by introducing into their orderly

progression the element of myself, and then by observing their reaction on this known element, to guess at their real quality. In a phrase: I sometimes longed to graduate from the spectator to the actor. — But only at rare moments. On the whole I was glad, profoundly and consistently glad to be on the spectator's side of the foot-lights in this theatre of life. On the whole, I thoroughly enjoyed my exclusive box, for tho' it was upstairs and remote and perhaps rather too far to the side, it had air and perspective and distance, and from it I watched in leisure, in peace, in absorption and without self-consciousness. And in the background of consciousness was the comforting belief that at any moment I could change my seat, either through partnership with someone more fortunately placed, or through exchange, or by simply stepping on the stage: — namely in case of loneliness.

But before I was in the least lonely, my solitude was ended in a way I had neither foreseen nor imagined. Another spectator joined me in my box: Taddeo.

TADDEO first appeared at a Seminar meeting several weeks after the term opened. I had come in late and as my eyes swept along the table they encountered this new vision placed by a picturesque whim of destiny next to the theologian. His sight so astonished me that I hardly realized that the situation was other than fanciful, or that it called for the ordinary application of the restraint exercised by manners. I was guilty of staring at Taddeo in complete absorption until he raised his eyes and they happened to meet mine. This sign of reality on the part of the interesting object restored to me a sense of the conventional aspects of the situation and caused me to divert my eyes. Not so my thoughts, which clung to what I had perceived with shameless persistency. I had seen a pale and beautiful face with very sad, black eyes gleaming from a waxen skin as smooth as a girl's, a sensitive mouth which was saved from too perfect regularity by dipping corners that gave to it a queer expression of both sulkiness and con-

trol, and a broad forehead with black hair brushed back from it, a wonderfully moulded cheek and a slightly curved nose with exquisitely cut nostrils. I also had had time, before the irruption of my inconvenient manners, to notice that this most extraordinarily beautiful and grave youth had beautiful hands. And I thought I had never seen so sad a face, and I was sure I had never seen so beautiful a face. And only after turning my eyes away and seeing him from a temporal distance, as it were, and no longer absorbed in the pure apprehension of him, the question of his material status arose. He simply could not be German, neither was he of any race I could think of. And in a moment, by some flash of intuitive sympathy, and helped perhaps by the contrast of the serious elderly theologian, intellectually empty, emotionally undeveloped, and temperamentally resigned, I knew that Taddeo, whatever his nationality might be, was a Jew. And as I could not gaze at him continually and yet could not, for the moment, concentrate on the droning voice of the reader, I occupied myself with the attempt to wander in fancy up the ancestral lines of these two neighbours. I did not succeed in visualizing

the unknown barbarian who first felt or was forced to feel the charm and potency of the message of Christ, but the less distant, respectable small shop-keepers, who generation after generation unloaded one of their many sons on the Church, were not hard to picture. The pale youth's ancestry of the mediaeval interval of Ghetto confinement was suggested by his melancholy eyes, I thought; his intellectual brow called up memories of philosophers and physicians scattered over classical lands; and his sensitive lips and their forbidding control suggested the luxury-loving and sensuous people in the time of their national greatness. . . .

When I had progressed thus far I allowed myself to steal another view of my opposites, and just then some little adventure à propos of a book must have befallen them, for the theologian picked it up, and Taddeo thanked him with a smile. The smile was a seraphic smile and it dimpled his cheeks and filled his black eyes with gleaming and dancing light, it raised the sulking corners of his mouth, showing his beautiful teeth, and completely chased away for a moment his austerity and melancholy. This, I decided, (for the sake of completeness chiefly perhaps) was the visual

sign of the understanding sympathy for all things human that the Jewish race of today has received as a compensatory result of their varied but always tragic destinies.

The droning voice, belonging, as it happened, to the legal one of the pair of friends, finally ceased, and general discussion followed. In its course a question was addressed to the newcomer, and this filled me with the discomfort attaching to nameless forebodings, until upon hearing the answer, it gave way to amazement of the intensity that shocks and pains. For this extraordinary creature spoke in the German tongue, and it seemed to me that had the night winds in the lilac bushes or the streamlets rippling over their beds of moss of a sudden used the German language, it could have been no more startling. Neither could I believe that it was my surprised and unbalanced fancy alone that had woven this youth into a totally immaterial creature, an abstraction in human form, the embodiment of the melancholy poetry of the destinies of a race, whose auditory expression would surely have to be some languid tongue, softly and slowly chanted. And indeed, I never grew accustomed to Taddeo's almost pure German, and it always

struck me as unsuitable and disharmonious with his being, as did his father's name, which was Dörter.

But for the present I did not know Taddeo nor he me. And for two weeks I saw him almost daily and in spite of deriding myself I could not stifle the feeling that something in the arrangement of things was blind and stupid, and that if I were to let this center of possibilities called Taddeo Dörter, this being who sucked up my sympathies without response, pass by and away, I should be equally blind and stupid. — So I sat in my box above and watched chance operating below and beyond, and disgust for her power filled me, and annoyance, for I didn't foresee that I should owe Taddeo to her. And when it so came about I found the fact that an indifferent, irrational force had brought us to one another exceedingly humiliating, and felt as if somehow we had deserved better. —

ONE warm morning Wanda and I were walking slowly (of course) up a hard sunny country road, on both sides of which the forest stretched invitingly, when we came upon a narrow trail leading, or, at any rate, beckoning into the cool paths of the forest. And although the atmosphere was permeated by "Verboten," its visual sign was by chance missing, and I turned Wanda into the trail. It so happened that we had progressed but a few yards, when, in attempting to evade a low-hanging and very thick branch, in a moment my hair (I had taken off my hat) became entangled, the branch held my head prisoner long enough to pull me from the saddle, the pommel held my skirt prisoner, and as Wanda, unknowing or uncaring, continued on her walk, my head, freed from the branch, trailed along the ground. My whole body, owing to the firmly involved skirt, was petrified into a permanent state of sliding off the horse in an almost perpendicularly inverted position. I had time to understand my plight before the

blood filled my head completely, and I realized that were I to attempt to kick myself free of the pommel, I should, if unsuccessful, start up Wanda, who was unaccustomed to protests, and, if successful, be assured a nasty fall on my back. Perplexed and filled with wonder and resentment that Wanda and I should have so fantastic an adventure, I felt my head becoming less and less adequate to meet the situation, and suddenly at the prospect of losing consciousness horrible fright overcame me, my heart began to thump, my dizzy head filled and I felt the whole situation and everything about me slipping away, and the last things of which I was conscious were the brown dirt and the little bits of green and the stones that had begun to run past my heavy head as, supported by my arm, it hobbled along the road.

The next thing of which I was entirely aware was Taddeo's face as he kneeled in front of me holding a flask to my lips. Before that, indeed, I had had a half-conscious appreciation that the jerking had ceased, that some ease and comfort had come to my body, but all this felt far off and as if the feeling belonged to someone else. As now I looked up and felt the

blood and the pain ebbing slowly from my head and knew that I was safe and unhurt, a great desire to cry overcame me, and my lips began to tremble and I knew that if I relaxed them for a moment to take the drink he held to them, there would be no possibility of holding back the sobs that, gathered in my breast, were ready to break forth. I shoved away the cup, covered my face with my hands, and rolling over buried it in the moss I was lying on, and tried my best to apply a method which, when a little girl, I had devised for this very purpose of shutting out unpleasant visions. I took a huge imaginary bottle of ink and a brush to match, and dipping it into the ink, I began to brush out the whole picture which I had previously visualized as I visualized all I remembered or imagined. (Sometimes one coat of ink would not suffice, — the worst features of the picture would crop up and stick out of the ink, — but after two coats I rarely had trouble, if I was agile and turned myself and my thoughts away as soon as the picture had completely disappeared.) I then immediately thought of something pleasant which I had prepared while applying the ink, and breathed hard, and after a few moments I was

sufficiently restored to be able to sit up and face the situation. I saw that Taddeo was busy with Wanda's saddle and bridle, and it surprised and annoyed me to observe that Wanda was again eating a tree. Taddeo was himself dressed for riding, but his horse was not visible. As I watched him working at the stirrups, my whole being now permeated with content and with the desire to arrest this moment and keep it unchanged, he heard me move and turned toward me; I smiled, and he smiled back and came to me.

"Are you feeling better?" he said to me in very pretty and pure English. "And would you not take a little brandy now to help you?"

"You know English," I said, "so I can thank you in English. Tell me what happened."

He told me how he had been riding back of me, and had seen me enter the trail and, thinking that I might fall into trouble, had dismounted and followed on foot.

"You do not mind that I came, do you?" he said, and his sweet smile drove the melancholy from his eyes. "I think not," he continued, "because I am going to fetch you your shell pins from the road, your hair-ribbon,

your hat, and the flowers from your belt, and your tan belt itself, and then I shall read you a lecture," he added, "and take you home."

What I thought was: "Taddeo, I know you now, and you know me, everything is changed."

What I said was: "You have knowledge, Herr Kommilitone, of my hair-ribbon, and my nosegay, and my tan belt, and my need of a lecture?" And suddenly it occurred to me that he had knowledge also of how I had lost them and knowledge of my faint and knowledge of how to carry me to the moss and how to help me to come to. And I felt somehow as if the moment were too full of meaning or of possibility to be considered otherwise than with a smile and a flush, while I thanked him once more, as he gravely and sweetly and simply restored my appurtenances to me.

"Only the flowers I could not find," he said.

We started back through the woods to where his horse was tethered; he leading Wanda, who trod down the primroses and pansies that had but a short time ago been a bunch in my belt. On the way back to town, with the intimacy bred by an important experience exclusively shared, we discussed the matters of our student life.

"And will you now tell me, Herr Kommilitone," I said smilingly to my charming companion, and my eyes must have looked the warmth I felt, "why of all the students you alone have withheld all welcome from me, your Kommilitonin?"

His eyes went dark for a moment, he seemed to start with surprise, and he replied half ironically and yet with a smile: "Because I alone of all the students was picked by destiny to be your rescuer and not merely your Kommilitone. I shall not be a mere Kommilitone to you now, is it not true?"

That evening as I sat at my desk at work, a bunch of lilies of the valley and violets exhaled fragrance into the air, mingling with the charm of the personality of the picturesque youth that memory exhaled. His beautiful face, the mouth that smiled or suffered, the glowing eyes under the thoughtful brow, his gentle raillery and sudden flushes like indrawings of his soul, all touched me even in memory. As I breathed in the perfume of his flowers and thought of him, it seemed to me as though he was the first point at which I had actually touched human life directly. And as I compared him with the many men and women

with whom I was in contact, these others began to shrink, until losing their three dimensions they jumped into print, and before my mind's eye my entire Freiburg acquaintance was seen disporting itself on the pages of the "Fliegende Blätter", the "Jugend", and the "Illustrierte Kunst", as the case might be. A few indeed resisted; Herr Broderson became a Dürer drawing, Herr Schulze a Moritz von Schwind, and the Master himself and the two nice boys were transformed into Klinger etchings. In this gallery my new friend alone stood out as a genuine portrait in oil, and I decided that from him one got the feeling of a great Rembrandt, the colour, the light, the depth of real life. Or no, not quite a Rembrandt, I corrected my vision, for he also had the smoothness and firmness of the Italian masters, — Franciabigio came to my mind; and he was not a half clear and half mysterious creature, he was all light at one moment and all hidden in shadows at the next. And after further search for his pictorial prototype, it occurred to me that he had none, and needed none, and that he was individual and unique, and that in this lay his charm.

In memory I went over our ride home once

more; I saw Taddeo on his splendid horse and myself on poor Wanda. And I remembered what silly thoughts had time to sprout in my mind, how I had told myself: "I hope the equation: as Wanda to Wiswamitra, so I to him, doesn't hold good," and yet obstinately strove to express our relation in some other equational form, and tried every possible combination. "As Wiswamitra to him, so Wanda to me," which was too uncomplimentary to me; "as Wanda to him, so Wiswamitra to me," this too flattering to me. Finally I made it: "As Wanda to Wiswamitra, so Wiswamitra to him," leaving myself out. I excused my silliness on the grounds that it was due to my sudden and obliged-to-be-suppressed pleasure. — And of what had we spoken? Of Wiswamitra, who was Italian, and of Wanda, who was German, and from here we had drifted into talk about different nations and countries, and he had told me that he was an Italian by nationality, and had spoken with much love and ardour of his home near Florence, an old palace in Renaissance gardens, and I had told him how Italy charmed me beyond all other countries for reasons I could not define, with the mysterious fascination that, because its

source cannot be located, cannot disappear. And his eyes thereupon shone with vivid gratitude and delight, so that I had wondered: how is it possible that this beautiful youth has escaped not only the world's adulation but apparently even its appreciation, how is it possible? And this seemed little short of a miracle when I recalled it, just as it had seemed when I first noticed it; and that this miracle should be revealed to me and that I should be, as it were, a necessary condition of its revelation seemed like a second miracle, and for a while I felt like a strange person in a mystery play, the passive plaything of incalculable influences and forces; — at any rate far removed from the commonsense world. . . .

To this world I shortly returned, however, led by my mental picture of Taddeo's graceful silhouette on horseback, and here I reflected that perhaps the sudden simplicity I had assumed upon my arrival in Freiburg and which had tended, as I knew, toward a decided uglification of my person, (a voluntary but easy transformation that I had heretofore regarded as a heroic rebellion against extravagant and meretricious weapons in the subjection of the world to my spirit,) — this

sacrifice of adornment, it now seemed to me, *might* at least be nothing more than a pose, born of pride and conceit. I could not quite decide about this, but I envisaged and admitted its possibility. And when I found myself regretting my Paris clothes, American shoes and so forth, and thinking of my mongrel breed riding habit made free from the imagination by Fräulein Schützenbogen in the Ameisenstrasse Freiburg, I quickly left my white balcony to the moon, the perfumed night and my degenerating mood, and re-entered the region of artificial light, both physical and spiritual.

A FEW days after this adventure the Seminar met, and as I let myself in with my rattling key, my eyes were already fixed upon the place that my new friend occupied, and were ready to greet him. They found him there, and he rose and bowed, but his bow was akin to the inhuman one inspired by the military spirit that presided over the manners of his co-students. Was this possible, and really happening, I wondered. — Annoyance, resentment, disappointment and amazement arose within me. It seemed to me, in fact, that the man seated opposite was a different being from the youth I had known, and I could not succeed in merging the two into one. And while the "tüchtiger junger Mann" was reading his paper on some points of Hegelian logic, I again went over our previous intercourse in my mind, in order to find out whether by dint of thinking of him I had perhaps transformed him into a different person, and confounding the reality with my creation was now expecting responses from the latter. But though this

was a habit from which I suffered, and no more than I should have expected of myself under ordinary circumstances, in the present case I absolved myself with certainty. For it was a distinguishing feature of this picturesque youth that he invited no romantifying or intensifying on the part of the imagination, — somehow his personality seemed already to have been re-fashioned by artistry. Yet, if I had not tinkered with him, and had not failed to understand him before this, as the warmth of my interest evidenced, there remained as the only other possibility, I thought, the one that his present attitude must contain some new element that eluded me. This intolerable idea took form in a vision of my portrait fading slowly into a half-obliterated fresco, tantalizing in its incompleteness and frighteningly threatening to entirely disappear, and all because of some denseness on my part. . . .

Until finally, after ages, the sitting reached its end, the Master hurried off and in groups of two and three the students departed. When I saw that Taddeo too was about to leave I hastened to detain him with some remark imitating in tone the impersonal military. He bowed, (again the hateful bow,) and returned

to his seat, and while the remaining students were arranging their lockers we took up our papers and books. After all had left with more bows and "Guten Abend's", and we were alone, and while I was still deciding what to say to clear the darkness, he, putting aside his book and leaning across the table, said to me:

"It was very kind of you to do this, and to let me have a word with you, but you must not."

"But why, how do you mean?" I replied, "What must I not?"

Taddeo smiled in a troubled manner as he answered: "You must not be nice to your poor Kommilitonen; we are not used to it and some of us will not know how to take it, and others will not understand, and there will be many complications."

"May 'studierende Damen' then have no friends?" I asked.

"Friends," he said gently, and his eyes lighted, "Yes, friends they may have, if they will, but the friend must be separate from the Kommilitone."

And his eyes refilled with worry, and as I looked at him in sceptical and puzzled amazement, they seemed to send out a direct appeal

imploring mine to understand and share his viewpoint, and I suddenly understood that this advice masquerading as fraternal was really an extremely youthful and individual conception of our especial relationship, and although I could not divine its specific origin, he with his pleading eyes seemed too sensitive and delicate a spirit to be touched without injury by the instruments of conversion that common sense afforded. So I found myself replying:

"No, I can't agree with you, in fact I know you're mistaken. There is nothing in the relationship of fellow students to preclude the possibility of at least good fellowship within the University walls. — But if you feel the way you do about it, I mean, if you think as you say you do; well, yes, why can't we be friends; you did befriend me and rescue me a few days ago you know, why can you not now befriend me and rescue me from loneliness?" I made this unexpected speech (unexpected by myself) because it was what I felt at the moment or perhaps only what I wanted to feel; and the consciousness of the unconventionality not so much of the speech as of the feeling that prompted and informed it killed the note of

gaiety that was to keep it from sounding intense and drove the blood to my face, until I got a reply with an answering flush and an answering intensity.

"You too are lonely? . . . Yes, you are right, I am lonely, but I have always been lonely. You are indeed kind beyond thanks, but from my heart I thank you." . . .

Thus Taddeo and I became friends without first having been friendly Kommilitonen, and he never again appeared to me as a pictorial abstraction in living form, or even as a personality whose essence one could successfully compress into art, for he was now once and for all an individual with all the marks of life — growth and becoming —, and he was constantly changing from an entity as distant as the thoughts he was uttering to one as close as the look his eyes sent to mine, or from one as large as the boundaries of the vision he disclosed to one contracted into some intimate act or trait that I could entirely grasp and completely share.

BEFORE I knew Taddeo I had seen him sketching in various parts of the town and usually surrounded by schoolboys and other persons with time and eyes for the unusual. And Freiburg was indeed a most sketchable place, full of picturesque details and shining with all kinds of attractive lights and shades. And it was also a liveable town, I found; one so easily took possession of its simple contours and its compact little body and one moved so smoothly through its arteries. Chief among these was of course the Kaiserstrasse: the imperial street which proclaimed its importance not only by its name but by the well-preserved antiquity of the modest houses that flanked it and by its relative width and length. And its almost three quarters of a mile was introduced at one end by a gateway with a mediaeval tower freshly painted in vivid greens and blues, was punctuated in the middle by an ancient fountain, and was stopped at the other end by another tall gateway, so that it had a delightful completeness, like a long but

simple sentence. And the fresh paint of its old houses, the brightness of the flowers on their window-ledges and the uninterrupted line of shining shop-windows and the new yellow and green trolley cars that ran gaily up and down its cobbled back, all attested to the imperial street's business vitality and to the modernity of its ancient body.

The Kaiserstrasse's little tributary streets were more reposeful than itself; indeed, they gave the impression of walking away from their bustling neighbour rather than of leading into it, and their real objective seemed to be some quaint and silent square adorned with a lonely statue of a more or less famous son of Freiburg, or else some dead little street whose uses no one could infer from its appearance.

To this there was one glorious exception: the short Münstergasse, leading to the most alive and most immortal of Freiburg's monuments, to its cathedral. This lovely and very feminine cathedral of Freiburg was of glowing brown stone with a warm red tinge, and although she rose abruptly from the centre of her square, as they do in German and French Gothic cathedral families, she nevertheless seemed to retain her "Zusammengehörigkeit"

with the surroundings from which she sprang, and she surveyed her immediate circle of neighbours, (if a square may for once be called a circle,) without that haughtiness and scornful aloofness which also is a characteristic way of cathedrals. Her one aspiring steeple indeed looked down upon the fair city to which it owed its birth and over and beyond it, and perhaps it felt more akin to the surrounding hills of impenetrable green and to the white clouds floating above — how indeed could it be otherwise —, but the comfortable body of the Münster settled familiarly into its cobbled soil and recognised the smaller and less pretentious contemporaries living on her square without a shade of snobbery.

Thus she impressed one as the heart of her city rather than its show piece. When her musical bells rang out, as consistent with her sympathetic character they for one reason or another did most of the time, she seemed a materialized communal pulse throbbing in sympathy with the joys and sorrows of all citizens. And so it was but fitting that her square should serve as market place and that twice or three times a week it should be the setting of the most brilliant scene of the town.

On these occasions her red-brown body pressed upon by the white awnings of the market-stands, and the great masses of multi-coloured vegetables and fruits, and the long rows of brightly painted pottery and porcelain, and the gay costumes of the peasants, all shone upon by a brilliant sun in a deep blue sky, lent to this mercantile transaction a picturesque and coloristic completeness which removed it, for the eye at least, from the sphere of the real to that of art.

I saw Taddeo sketching this scene one day soon after we had become acquainted. He was seated in front of the window of the ecclesiastical supplies shop which was located in an ancient Gothic house on the right-hand corner of the square. He was working in oils, and wore a painting apron of rich blue with a low, soft collar that became him wonderfully. His glowing cream skin seemed to reflect the golden crosses and mitres that formed his immediate background and that were exhibited against a curtain of blue silk, so that all of them together composed a picture of blue and gold. And his features, I noticed, were compressed into an expression of intense concentration, the melancholy had fled from his eyes

as they glanced sharply from canvas to market, the curves of his lips had straightened into a tight line, his nostrils were slightly distended and there was a deep furrow between his eyes. I stopped unseen to look at him, and I reflected: This is a new Taddeo; not Taddeo the spectator, but Taddeo the worker, or perhaps even Taddeo the tool of his talent. — And somehow Taddeo the spectator to my sense was a more alive and complete being than this energetic producer into whose semblance he seemed to me to have shrunk.

The interior of the cathedral became one of our favourite retreats. Like the exterior it was warm, glowing and friendly in spite of its imposing size and height. The light that entered through wonderful old stained glass would have transformed even the commonplace into beauty; but the pictures and marbles, tapestries and carvings that crowded the church were themselves of great charm and of highly decorative quality, and belonging, as for the most part they did, to one and the same period, they blended into unity, and the graceful Church was as reposeful and harmonious as a whole as it was varied and arresting in detail.

Taddeo and I took refuge here one day from a violent storm, and seated in the almost deserted nave, so dark that only the stained glass and the dim candles on the altars and the fierce lightning broke the night, he, with lips close to my ear in order not to disturb the few muttering worshippers around us, whispered to me the meagre facts of his history. I learned that his father, who belonged to a family of Portuguese-Dutch descent, had when a lad left his uncongenial German home, had some time after settled in Italy, established himself in business, prospered and become wealthy; that in middle age he had married, and that a few years after Taddeo's birth, the mother having died, Taddeo and his father had left Rome for Florence. Taddeo described his father as a handsome man, large and slow moving, with an austere and inflexible manner, and as a cold and indifferent and mostly absent parent. I further learned that when Taddeo was seventeen and had passed through a series of governesses and tutors, the father died and Taddeo found himself independent in all ways, whereupon he left Florence and with a tutor travelled about the Continent for a year, lived in England for a year, and returning to Florence

prepared for the University. At twenty-one he betook himself to Paris where he painted for several years. During this time he found that the theory of art interested him, and having learned something of the technique of drawing, painting and modelling, — thus finding his equipment for a study of aesthetics favourable on the side of practice, — he decided to attend to his philosophical education. He determined to begin on the broadest basis with the study of epistemology and metaphysics and to proceed thence to psychology and what there was of positive aesthetic theory.

These future aspirations of Taddeo I was acquainted with from previous conversations; but his history was new to me and left me amazed. Therefore, when he had ended in a kind of breathless haste as if to get over with it, and was about to plunge once more into the future, I interrupted him:

"But Taddeo," I whispered, "your relatives, where are *they*, and your mother, tell me about her." I could not see Taddeo's expression in the obscurity, and a moment after I was thankful that it was hidden, when his voice broken with emotion answered:

"I know nothing, nothing of my mother;

truly, I never had a mother, not even a mother to think of; for she has been made a mystery to me by my father, and that is not what a mother should be. And I have no sister, no brother, no relatives, no memories of anyone I love. I am truly alone in the world; quite completely alone, — even in spirit."

I thought of the dozens of painted and carved madonnas a few steps from us in the obscurity of their niches, holding in their arms that other Jewish boy, who needed their love so little. And I wished with all the ardour of my youth that I too were a mother and might take into comforting arms this maltreated soul, who now seemed but a lonely and pathetic boy. I caught Taddeo's hand in mine and pressed it, and he raised our two clasped hands to his heart, and for a moment I could feel his heart palpitating its sense of injustice. With a feeling of horrible oppression, and on the verge of tears, I rose abruptly and we left the church, and in the activities involved in our encounter with the still raging storm we found relief from stress of feeling.

Of course I thought a great deal about Taddeo's history. If his parentage was indeed part Italian, it explained many things, I thought.

His grace, his agile and supple body, his wonderfully sweet smile, the charm of his voice, and the occasional abandon of his gestures. But on the other hand nothing was less Italian than his reserve, his self-control, his sensitiveness, his melancholy, and his detachment from the world, and his undramatic inwardness. It was difficult to think of Taddeo in the terms of nationality; he impinged rather as an individual of a race historically vague and psychologically broad but sharply defined, and I felt that had I never heard of the Jewish race and its destinies I should, from knowing Taddeo, have been able to approximately reconstruct such a race, as biologists reconstruct organisms upon the basis of one bone. And it may have been for this reason that acquaintance with the outward circumstances of his life added nothing to my feeling of acquaintance with him. As soon as I had known him and had spoken with him, and we had exchanged information about our immediate purposes, though about nothing else, I felt as intimately at home with him as I did many weeks later when together we shared half our days and all our thoughts. As in entering a reception chamber of a house whose exterior pleases

profoundly, and finding it equally attuned to the taste, one may, without knowing other rooms or their objects, yet feel certain that whatever they reveal will be sympathetic, so I felt that no further revelations of Taddeo's character were needed to add to my feeling of intimacy and harmony with him.

SPRING was growing into summer, the country roads on which the four of us travelled grew dusty and hot under the June sun, and we often left our horses in the stable and spent our mornings in the forest. Our programme was to hunt for and take possession of some attractive spot in the cool heart of the woods, and there to talk, to read, to sketch or to dream.

"Taddeo," I said to him one morning as we sat reading, propped up against a mossy mound, and closed in on all sides by brown pine trunks splashed with dancing sunlight, and canopied by their heavy, dark branches, "how can anyone in the whole world not living as we are be content?"

"I know how," he said with a smile, "but I shan't tell you."

"Why," I asked, "shan't you tell me if you really know, Sphinx or God?"

"Because you too ought to know; you ought to trouble to put yourself in the place of others and wondering about their feelings toward life, succeed in understanding how they differ from yours."

"But surely you don't fancy that I don't, I who do little else than watch and wonder; by the way, are you scolding me?" (What I thought was: how delightful that he should be scolding me, he must like me immensely to do it and must feel as completely at home with me as I with him.)

"It is only," replied Taddeo flushing a little but smiling, "that I know that whatever I may say is already somewhere in your mind, and because it makes me so happy to hear you express the very thoughts I divined. It is so charming that it should be thus, that you must agree to forgive me, and must tell me right away whom you watch and what you wonder."

"Well," I began aggressively, throwing my book from me and folding my hands in my lap and frowning and looking into undistracting space, — all this to assist concentration, because at the moment my natural inclination was, relaxed, to watch the beautiful Taddeo and the beautiful tree-trunks and the beautiful dance of the sunlight and basking in their beauty to feel like a cat looks as though it felt when lying in the sun, — "there's Marie, my chambermaid: elderly-young, plain, stout, red-faced, hot, industrious, gentle and amiable.

For her, poor girl, life must be hard work, (for she's awfully hard worked,) with the excitements incident to the variations of boarding house history to make it bearable in unthinking moments, and with the distant lure of the dramatic quality of eventual marriage to round it out here below; and all around and beyond, penetrating and suffusing life with the perfume of justice, those vague promises of the Church: reunion with friends and life eternal in happiness and heaven."

"Well?" said Taddeo.

"Well, yes," I replied, "I can understand her in a fashion, for crude religious notions are the philosophy of the illiterate; but I nevertheless feel awfully sorry for her. — Then there is Johan, the boots. In his case, I fancy that great quantities of beer and an absence of any rudiments of intelligence prevent him from looking farther than a few miles in space and a few months in time. For him the spiritual food necessary to the continuance of bare life, must, I imagine, consist in the consciousness that he is getting along somehow through life, and has a certain value measured by the amount of his salary."

"Well?" said Taddeo.

"Well, I'm frightfully sorry for him, poor dazed idiot. — Then there's the Rauscher family; they who keep the Pension. They in truth are extraordinary, and what their substitute for a philosophic outlook can be I can't imagine, for they seem to run the Pension all the time and never to do anything else. Sober, industrious, hardworking, married, disillusioned and normally intelligent, can it be that their encouragement lies in bringing into existence and rearing children to continue the hard struggle for an existence whose value one can't discover?"

"How then?" said Taddeo.

"Well, then," I replied, "I feel very sorry for them. — As for the others, the Pension guests, bridge-playing parents of foreign boys at school here, embroidering spinsters, retired officers and their wives, always taking walks or preparing to, — I don't know them, and their worlds so completely baffle me that I cannot picture them as anything but quite empty stretches, with walking, bridging and embroidering as methods of consuming empty time."

"As you do not know them, your imagination had nothing to feed on and gave out," remarked Taddeo; "well?"

"Well, perhaps," I said. "But I'm sorry for them, and so am I for Frau Fischer who brushes my hair and Frl. Schützenbogen who fixes my clothes, and for the pinched verger at the Cathedral and the bloated janitor at the University and for most of the totally unknown inhabitants of Freiburg who pass me on the streets. And in proportion as I have no data to go on, by which to understand them, my pity for them increases. — I've finished and you can't say that I haven't thought about them."

"And indeed you have also answered yourself in your reflections, and if you do not read your answer it is because your misdirected pity obscures your vision," said Taddeo.

"But how," I asked, "have I answered my question of how they can be content with the little they get from life when opportunities such as we are enjoying lie before their eyes?"

"Because," said Taddeo, "contentment depends on the relation between desires and satisfactions, and although their satisfactions as you suppose them to be may not cover their demands, and although all these people may indeed not be content at all, — never could contentment result from satisfactions of desires

they do not entertain, is it not true? And neither Marie nor Johan nor Family Rauscher nor the officers or spinsters or coiffeuse demand from life the opportunity to study philosophy every day. So that the reason why discontent upon seeing our lot does not possess them is that they do not desire it. This is the answer of the Sphinx; what do you think of it?"

"Certainly it is of an impressive simplicity," I answered, "and reflecting that nothing in the universe is other than infinitely complex, excepting the concepts formed by man to overcome this inconvenient complexity, you will pardon me if I add that it is of a suspicious simplicity. And I suggest that, admitting that they don't desire to do as we are doing, to inquire and know and choose, but prefer their ready-made satisfactions, isn't just this incomprehensible and pitiful?"

"Yes, I think so," Taddeo said earnestly, "but in that case we pity them because they do not desire what we think desirable and not because they have not what we desire. It seems important to distinguish these things, because I believe that the difference in men's actual desires has been the principle of social formation, and will remain so. Never would

this curious social and economic structure of ours have evolved had there not been real fortuitous variation in men's inclinations and their resulting demands on life. — So that, although I do not believe that had all men equally shared the desire to philosophize they all would have succeeded in doing so," he continued smilingly, "I certainly do believe that had that been the case, you and I would never have come to exist as students of philosophy."

"No," I remarked, "that's evident enough; even to me."

"And it is because social reform has become sufficiently enlightened to see that the essential thing is not the giving to everyone that which to some self-appointed judge seems better than the thing they have, but rather helping everyone to desire more imaginatively, that social reform is beginning to be effective. Whereas to pity others for not having what they do not wish, and to give it to them, is blind and ineffectual."

"Perhaps;" I said, "but the chief method of educating desire is to offer, if not new satisfactions, — which I admit would be no satisfactions if they satisfied nothing, — at least new opportunities to test these satisfactions,

for it is through experiment in satisfactions that desires are realized, is it not?"

"Yes," he replied, "it is; but if such a programme were honestly carried out, it would be at the cost of sacrificing all fortuitous individual differences and levelling down the richness of opportunity that nature and social arrangement together offer, to some reasonable standard of our own, and submitting our activities to the miserable judgment of our fellows in determining whether or not we have made successful experiments and have exhibited proper or improper desires. And in limiting ourselves to opportunities dictated by some more or less accidental governing power of our equals, — for all determining is delimiting, — I believe that what we might lose would be infinitely greater than what we should gain."

"Yet you certainly believe in culture, in the control of nature; where then would you limit our attempt to determine our destinies?"

"Let me answer you thus," he said: "a long evolution led to the creation of man, and that means that a process in which man had no part nevertheless led to the greatest good he can conceive, to himself, and to all that has since developed in human history and achieve-

ment. This is an immensely impressive fact, I think, and seems to me to give to nature the very strong position of mother of all things, including culture. That we should regulate her in so far as we understand her, I certainly do believe, and also that all her processes that have been found to be harmful to our existence should be extirpated or controlled; and this is what nature's gift to us, culture namely, consists in. But in so far as no one has completely explained her order, I also believe in letting nature experiment in her own haphazard way, to put it paradoxically, for she appears to get all the big results. Indeed were we thoroughly to realise an ideal of completely controlled human organization based on the knowledge we hold at present, we should, I think, be behaving like children trying to play God with forces which, in our attempt to strangle and stuff them into hard and fast forms, might well escape and destroy us. Do you know Goethe's 'Zauberlehrling'? I think therewith he meant something of the sort. —"

"But many think, Taddeo, that it would be preferable for the human species to commit suicide in a noble attempt to live according to their own ideals than to continue under the

existing conditions so unfavorable to the happiness of the masses."

"Oh, but I do not, I do not," cried Taddeo, "and *you* cannot, for, although it is not true of the individual, it is true of the race that where there is life there is hope, and it is also true that as we watch the operations of nature we are constantly learning better how to control conditions by eliminating the intolerable ones, those that suffocate the life force. It is just because I believe so wholly in progress through science, which is the knowledge of nature, and alone permits us to vision new and realizable ideals, that I dread to see nature reduced and relegated into limits that we prescribe. And I see no future life for the humanity that nature begot if it be fed by man alone in his present state of ignorance. And I believe life at the expense of happiness to be infinitely superior to no life at all. But do not you as well?"

"It's hard for me to say," I replied, "because to live is to learn and to learn is happiness, so just to be living is to be in some measure happy."

"Yes, that is true;" he said, and after a silence: — "even for those who don't study philosophy every day?"

"Possibly," I said.

"Then that is so much wisdom gained," he remarked.

"Perhaps," I replied, "though I don't definitely accept all you have said."

"Who am I that you should accept what I say unless you happen to feel the same," said he.

"I do feel the same, but my mind is on the tracks of evolution, heredity and the origin of value, and before I have run down the prey and have them before me clearly in their several relationships, I sha'n't know whether our intuitions are correct: that's simple."

"Yes," said Taddeo, "and when you have absolute knowledge of everything you will share it with me, will you not?"

"If you are not too completely filled with unchanging feelings to absorb it," I replied.

"Feelings expand one's nature, and thoughts contract it, have you not noticed this," Taddeo rejoined, looking me in the eye, "and so I shall always be ready to accept whatever you may offer me." I made no answer. "In the meantime," he continued, "you will read Rickert's 'historische Weltanschauung'-book and perhaps Hegel's 'Philosophy of History' very thoroughly, and in so doing be happy."

"But you too," I said, "though you won't read Rickert's 'historische Weltanschauung'-book nor Hegel, having already made up your mind without them, are not unhappy; admit it, Taddeo."

"I have never been so happy before, because I have never been at all happy before, and I *am* — now," he replied, and he smiled so sweetly and so simply and so entirely for me, that I felt like crying.

"And all because we are leisurely students of life and of the universe," I said, (however,) as I tossed Rickert in the air before opening him at page 253 which marked one quarter of the road to the depths of him. —

WE discovered one day that we had a longing for a picnic, and as this seemed to both of us the most harmless form that rebellion against the regular could possibly take, — although we were aware, of course, that from some viewpoints and in some places every departure from the regular was judged reprehensible, — we decided not to throttle this desire, but as far as circumstances permitted, to realize it. This, indeed, was little enough. A picnic in a positive sense, — sitting on damp ground, eating delicious cold dishes in a messy way, trying and occasionally managing to forget where one was, — such a picnic was not to be thought of, because the exigencies of our situation demanded that our picnic meal should be breakfast, and an enjoyable cold breakfast is a contradiction in terms. So that we had to content ourselves with a negative and formal picnic, — one whose essence consisted in its not being the usual daily affair.

Accordingly, very early one morning — not much after six o'clock — we met on the

Kaiserstrasse and boarded the green and white tram for Güntersthal. We were the only passengers on this electric early bird, and in the young summer morning we flew through the slumbering town, wrapt in golden haze, with her noisy life smothered within her, and flew across the open country, whose life the sun had long before awakened to song, and out to the village of Güntersthal, where humanity as well was awake, but was still under the calming spell of the quiet night, rendering the rhythm of life elegiac.

Here we alighted and started to walk to our destination, to Kyburg and to breakfast; Taddeo with his light sketching paraphernalia under his arm, and I with a few books under mine. As we walked along the road the haze lifted gradually and mounting to the hills above left the valley through which the "Landstrasse" led bright as a fresh canvas of a colour-loving painter. The sharp breezes, that had driven the gold from the air, blew the cherries about a little in the trees by the side of the road, and the wheat fields beyond waved properly, and the poppies danced in the meadows in the way they should, and the trees climbing up the hills bowed gravely every now and then as was

desirable. Farmers — men and women — passed on their way to the town beside carts gay with fruits and vegetables of the soil, and the strapping horses, classic oxen, the jingle of their trappings, the colour and lines of the peasants' clothes, their bronzed faces, and the sharp outlines of their lean bodies made a picture so enchanting that the mind was seduced to accept it not only at its face value but, oh mockery! as a fair symbol of the life it signified. (I had not then read much about the condition of agricultural classes in Germany.) The rapture I felt in the intimacy with this beautiful scene, and my attempt to enjoy it to the full capacity of all my senses shone in my eyes, I suppose, for Taddeo often glanced at me and his eyes seemed to kindle from the light in mine. It was profoundly sweet to feel the closeness of another spirit nourishing itself on the same miracles of colour, life and form, thrilling with the same intense sense of life at the touch of beauty.

Accompanied by the breezes and the music of their motion, and by unceasing choruses of chirruping crickets and by what we thought might be the song of larks, we reached Kyburg, the restaurant far-famed in Breisgau for an unequalled "cuisine." Here, on a red-table-

clothed table in a large and at this early hour deserted garden, we breakfasted off coffee and rolls, country butter and fresh eggs and honey manufactured by the bee, and as we both were hungry beyond the calculations of those who established the measure of a continental breakfast I initiated Taddeo into the charms of beefsteak and potatoes at eight o'clock in the morning.

"I am having a good time," I remarked to Taddeo.

"It is a strange expression," he said, "but can one then not also say 'I am having a beautiful time'?"

"Yes," I replied, "but it does not mean what you mean; 'beautiful' is here simply a variant of good."

"It is much debased then," said he, "and it is a pity one cannot really say it," — Taddeo gave a comprehensive, enraptured glance about him, and then let his eyes rest on me, — "for good, what does it mean but satisfying and contenting, — a time that fulfils one's wishes; but a beautiful time would be a time that felt like a new and thrilling experience in which one remembers no longer oneself, nor one's wishes and their fate, but is carried without will by a

sort of flood of harmony — ; it is really a pity one cannot say it, because I am having a beautiful time."

The tenderness in Taddeo's eyes was fading into their habitual melancholy once more. "Come back, Taddeo," I said in a tone in which one might challenge the attention of one about to depart, "come back from being carried about in your flood of harmony." (For raillery was the only means I knew of to save him from the very real flood of sadness that had its ebb and flow, but seemed always ready to engulf; — at any rate, it was the only method I knew how to handle without exposing my own mood to the same submersion.)

"I am away," said Taddeo, smiling, "because I am not yet used to a beautiful time."

"And anyway," I continued, "I don't agree with you — about the good being a debased form of the beautiful. I shouldn't be at all surprised if the exact opposite turned out to be true. Of course you and I are both in Freiburg, Germany, to find out this very thing, among others, and neither one of us has found it out yet. Don't you feel, Taddeo, as if you ought to walk through life on tiptoe until you knew all these things?"

"No," replied Taddeo, "at least, not for that reason; — but I do sometimes feel that almost every step treads on someone or on something, and does a little damage to something precious. Or perhaps it is that I am a nature that tiptoes instinctively, to give to itself the illusion of keeping a little aloof from the world, — perhaps I am afraid of attaching to my soles too much of the world. At any rate, you are right. I tiptoe through life; I should not like to make a noise and to jostle in the rush onward. It might be good to do so, but," he added smiling, "I am sure it would not be beautiful."

"You are not sure," I corrected the smiling Taddeo, "you merely feel sure; you trust your blind instincts or whatever you wish to call your vague emotional convictions."

"In tiptoeing through life, I have had leisure and opportunity to test my instincts or vague feelings, and they are trustworthy, just as yours are."

"But mine aren't, Taddeo, and that is one of the few things I do know."

Taddeo was gazing at me in his rapt and intense way, and now he shook his head in a truly elder-brotherly fashion, so I added: "In the first place, like the light itself my feelings

wax and wane, they glimmer, glow and burn and are suddenly extinguished to cold and darkness, and one day is never quite like another: they are not dependable. But worse than that, like members of an uncongenial family, they conflict; they nag and dispute, and all wish to go their disparate ways, when there is but one family purse to support them, and so, if they were to be allowed their own way they would sap one another's strength and the purse would quickly be depleted. And far worse than even this, like the conservative members of a progressive state, they, representing the tradition and inheritance of ages, stand up in their strength to oppose the young and the new instead of attaching themselves to it. For instance, the ideas of the equality and fraternity of man: — this ideal of democracy raises its head and immediately the innate feelings of race and class prejudice and those of aesthetic disgust with persons and conditions lift up their hoary voices in a strong outcry. Or again, reason informs me that some individual is a useful one and deserves admiration and enthusiasm, but some subtle personal antipathy obstinately withholds it. And the stronger the feeling, the harder the fight, and

the more difficult the control. I sometimes feel, Taddeo, that this struggle will fill my life, but in one way or another and at any cost I shall win."

I was staring unseeing into space while I was delivering this, but as I ended I looked at Taddeo who, as I knew, was staring at me. His lips were slightly curled in an ironic smile, but his eyes were sympathetic and sad, and he said gently: "But you *are* your feelings and instincts, and that chiefly."

"I knew you were going to say that," I replied, "but I identify my real self with my reason and my will, chiefly with reason, the guiding and enlightening faculty, that's my I — you know James' phrase — ; the feelings are only my Me; of course the Me is the constantly active matter the I deals with in connection with the world, and it may be more powerful than my I, but I am my I."

Taddeo threw back his head and laughed. Taddeo's laugh, which was as attractive as it was rare, was spontaneous, unconscious and astonished, while I, on the contrary, laughed as people laugh who are brought up to encourage their laughter as an ornament of conversation, readily and consciously.

"My Me understands you," he said, "although my I might pick flaws in your theory; but as I am my Me there is no reason why my Me and your I should not continue to companion and develop together, while your Me and my I watch sadly from the background."

"There *is* no development for your Me," I replied; "feelings don't develop by themselves, only the intellect can help them by directing them into new paths and fixing and attaching them to new objects; their only hope of growth lies in the collaboration of the intellect, so recall your I if you want to enjoy your Me; — unless of course you find it more convenient to make use of my I to feed your Me with."

This sortie was meant as a reprisal for his amusement; and indeed he flushed a little, but I knew that it was only the unexpected personal contact of the idea that shocked him, for smiling in his sweet way that somehow always reproved me (to my annoyance), he answered: "Fortunately we are all indivisible wholes, and the whole grows all together; — but you cannot tease me at all, since anything you will say in fun will be true, even about your fictitious I and my fictitious Me;" and

Taddeo's dark eyes looked unhappily happily into mine and put an end to the conversation to which they supplied the punctuation, leaving me annoyed without quite knowing why, lazy-minded, and in fact consciously falling into the "Me." He at times affected me as music does those too tired to be critical.

After breakfast we walked back to Güntersthal. The day was now quite mature and all live things were busy. In the village we sought out a secluded peasant house with an especially pretty flower garden and a little orchard adjoining it. Taddeo placed his camp-stool under a shady apple-tree and sketched the larkspur and roses and cornflowers in the sun beyond, and I sat upon the grass and leaned against the trunk of his tree. I held Heine's "Buch der Lieder" on my knees and from it read to myself and sometimes to Taddeo, who had most of it by heart. — Until dreaminess overcame me and the red volume lay on the grass. I watched it where it lay, watched various insects creep over it and a blue butterfly rest on it for a moment and flecks of sunlight play about and on it, and I reflected that at least a part of the atmosphere the songs so marvellously exhaled was floating materialized

about their physical frame. And as I watched the blue butterfly flutter its wings it carried my gaze with it to Taddeo's shoulder where it alighted. He sat in the light shade of the apple-tree with green reflections on his smooth skin and yellow lights dancing upon it, his eyes dark and large, his lips compressed and depressed at the corners, and he too, I thought, embodied the vague, melancholy, tender, sad and ecstatic youth of whose heart-throbs most of the songs are the record. — And the flowers beyond in sunlight, even the whitewashed wall of the peasant house and its geranium-framed windows, — all connected itself with this poetry, it seemed to me; — all but myself. And somehow the charm of it all, instead of buoying me up, lay heavy on my heart and I instructed myself with melancholy: "If what you said to Taddeo is true, all this beauty, the intoxication of colour, the exhilaration of light, the marvels of the exquisite complexities of vegetable and animal life, the drowsy deliciousness of the summer breeze and the beauty of Taddeo's body and the charm of his spirit and the perfume of their purity, what are they and what are they for? What more can the spirit desire than to feel this rich satisfaction of the senses,

with the flowing down into the profundities of the soul of a slow wave of enthusiasm and an accompanying inrush of vitality?" — And although I did not know *why* these things should not completely satisfy me, yet I knew that they did not. —

Taddeo was working steadily and sternly, and with sighs of perplexity I opened my book of songs and the page I held sang these verses:

"Manch Bild vergessener Zeiten
Steigt auf aus seinem Grab',
Und zeigt, wie in deiner Nähe
Ich einst gelebet hab'.

"Am Tage schwankte ich träumend
Durch alle Strassen herum,
Die Leute verwundert mich ansah'n,
Ich war so traurig und stumm.

"Des Nachts, da war es besser,
Da waren die Strassen leer;
Ich und mein Schatten selbander,
Wir wandelten schweigend einher.

"Mit widerhallendem Fusstritt
Wandelt' ich über die Brück';

Der Mond brach aus den Wolken
Und grüsste mit ernstem Blick.

"Stehn blieb ich vor deinem Hause
Und starrte in die Höh',
Und starrte nach deinem Fenster, —
Das Herz tat mir so weh.

"Ich weiss, du hast aus dem Fenster
Gar oft herabgesehn,
Und sahst mich im Mondenlichte
Wie eine Säule stehn."

Here it suddenly occurred to me that I had never seen Taddeo at night, neither on a dark and opaque night nor in the moonshine nor under a starry sky. So I closed my eyes and pictured him walking across the bridge, alone, his brow and his eyes heavy with sadness. And then I pictured myself walking beside him and holding his hand in mine, and I felt his hand trembling and the motion of his swaying body and felt that the moonshine in the air was all that separated us — nothing more — and that this was to go on indefinitely and that the window would not be reached in dumb despair — nor in any way — ever. . .

I opened my eyes, sighed at my uncontrolled

fancies, threw the Book of Songs on the grass again and took from my pocket my Reklam edition of Descartes. Taddeo's attention, guided to me by my extraordinary sighs, led to his asking:

"Why do you sigh so, are you bored?"

"Certainly not," I answered disagreeably; "I was only reading about a youth whose emotionalism reminded me of you."

His glance wandered to the red book a few feet away, lying open as it had been pitched. He rose and grasping it said, "That is easily possible," and then he looked at the open pages and a wave of blood rose and ebbed in his cheeks, as without a word or a further glance he returned to work. I saw his pain and his darkened eyes and his wounded and trembling lips and I might have put my arms about his shoulders, (I did in imagination), and have murmured or whispered or even said quite loud: "And I pictured myself walking with you in the night, hand-in-hand, and we never reached the window at all," or something to that effect, but instead I thought of a fairy tale I knew, in which one person, touching another, sticks forever to him, and it seemed quite possible to me that my arms might stick

forever were I to place them around him, and that I should then be condemned to flush when he flushed and tremble when he trembled and feel the sadness in his eyes and the loneliness in his heart, — and frightened I kept my eyes upon my Descartes in complete silence, and clouds of discomfort blotted out Descartes and Taddeo alike.

"I have a poem for you also, little sister," Taddeo said after what seemed a long time, and taking up the volume again he searched for it, and finding it read:

"Zu fragmentarisch ist Welt und Leben —
Ich will mich zum deutschen Professor begeben,
Der weiss das Leben zusammenzusetzen,
Und er macht ein verständlich System daraus;
Mit seinen Nachtmützen und Schlafrockfetzen
Stopft er die Lücken des Weltenbaus."

"I am not your sister and I know this," I said to the amused Taddeo, "agreed for the sake of argument that feeling and will are of tremendous importance in life, — in order to determine their value relatively to the intellect or even their interrelation, one uses what? One's intellect."

"I know this," said Taddeo, "that in order to use the intellect in the search for truth, one has to care for truth, to want and desire it, and to will to have it."

"You put it that way because Rickert does in his 'Erkenntnistheorie,'" I said scornfully.

"I put it in that way in spite of Rickert having put it in that way in his 'Erkenntnistheorie.'"

"Then in spite of not wishing to see the truth as another sees it, your intellect coerces you," I said; "let's talk of something else. . . ."

As we started for home, our hostess came running after us waving a handkerchief. Taddeo turned back to meet her.

"Des Freilei Schweschter hat's Taschetichli liege lasse," she said, handing it to him.

"How did you know her for my sister?" asked Taddeo.

"I shouldn't know that," she cried, "when they resemble one another like two eggs."

"Eh bien," said he as we walked on, "not only are we brother and sister as I claim and you deny, but we resemble one another as do two eggs."

"I'm sure I'm awfully flattered; had she mistaken me for Aphrodite herself it would

not have flattered me so much; — and although I intensely wish to look like the most beautiful youth on earth, even more than *that* I wish that you were my very own real brother, dear Taddeo." Taddeo looked ahead and said nothing. "Nevertheless we're not as alike as brother and sister." Taddeo remained silent. "Nevertheless we're not as alike as two eggs." Taddeo remained silent. "And you can hardly deny that anyway, however that may be, we're not brother and sister any more than we are two eggs."

"I do not, and we are not, little sister," Taddeo said with a happy smile.

"YOU are a wonderfully wise youth," I remarked to Taddeo one day, as we walked through the woods to St. Ottilien, and discussed our national predilections, "you have opinions on all subjects, you theorize about all events, all nations, classes and kinds of men, about all relationships; in fact you're a psychologist one hundred years old and one thousand years wise, and although your opinions are probably wrong, or at least not completely right, it is wonderful that you should hold so many, that you should feel something for and with all human beings in all situations; for you are but twenty-three after all and you live more aloof from others than most of us, and you're not so awfully experienced, are you?"

"No," Taddeo replied, "I am not at all experienced, I am perhaps quite unusually inexperienced, so if I am indeed acquainted with many things it cannot be otherwise than by some a priori intuition, can it, pupil of Kant and Rickert? Or else I must have inherited

together with my organism whatever knowledge I have of human affairs! I do at times think that I must have come into the world fitted with some apparatus for registering automatically all kinds of foreign consciousness I come into contact with. But so have you, little sister."

"But alas, I have not, Taddeo, so little so, that I find it entirely wonderful that you should really know, really understand and interpret anything of which you have not immediate experience. Just because in my case, only that which I experience, and by that I mean that which comes to me in such a way as to force a personal response, gives me the feeling of real acquaintance."

"You are exaggerating, little sister."

"Negligibly, little brother."

"Because you are thinking in a careless hurry, little sister."

"I am not, little brother; about myself, as you hardly can have failed to observe, I think often and with affectionate persistency."

"Then explain your exaggerated and unconvincing statement, little sister."

"Very well, brother of an exaggerated and unconvincing sister; I shall try to. Let us

sit down here on this 'Aussichts' bench which may help me to a view of myself and my past."

"The sign calls it 'Aussichtspunkt zum Beauregard,'" Taddeo said, smiling.

"Only another name for introspection, after all," I replied. — "Well then, it's this way, I think: Dependence on personal experience simply is a trait of mine, and accounts, I believe, for the rather peculiar fact that the world has of late presented itself to me as a conglomeration of fascinating mysteries. At first this somewhat mystical mental attitude puzzled and worried me, and it is only recently that I have relieved my uneasiness by hitting on this simple explanation. . . For don't you see it's just because I have ceased to accept the views and the authority of others and depend so entirely on my private experience that my real world has shrunk to a small ball of solid matter encompassed by a huge penumbra of the unexperienced, the possible, the indefinite, the mysterious. . . And this deplorably limiting attitude seems to me, reviewing myself, to have been engendered as follows: By natural bent I am a respectfully receptive creature. Yes, Taddeo, decidedly so. From babyhood on nothing in the enveloping world impressed me

as half so wonderful as the grown-up people who mediated between it and myself. I was, in fact, little more than a body of suffused enthusiasm for the wisdom of mature humanity. That my nurse should have known to do the right things at the proper moment, that my mother should have known how to do so many, many things, that all kinds of men came into the house and 'fixed' things successfully never ceased to stun my mind, whereas the things the other children in the family guessed and concluded neither impressed nor interested me at all. And when I went to school, the teachers and their information and all their incomprehensible grown-up sureness in dealing with situations dazzled me. I must have felt, I think, as if above and beyond me and some day *for* me, there were layers of living known only to mature persons; ways of receiving life and standards of judging that had come to them spontaneously by virtue of their age. . . .

I had, indeed, a first tho' vague experience on my seventh birthday, when my nurse, a catholic Irish woman, informed me that while before this she had been responsible to God for my behaviour, I, having reached the age of seven, was now myself responsible, and that

whether or not I did what she dutifully had pointed out to me as the right, was, so far as God was concerned, my own affair. I remember how I felt about this ethical emancipation. I did not in the least believe in her God with whom she tried to plunge me into direct relations, because I knew for one thing that her God was not my Mother's God, though both were the only God; and also because although both Gods seemed remarkable inventions on the part of my two most important grown-ups, interesting like their medicine chests and umbrellas, unlike these neither had on any occasion had any real effect on me. But accompanying my doubt and dismissal of the religious element in my new state, there was a feeling of great pride that my nurse should think me sufficiently mature to know how to act and sufficiently important to have her God's individual attention, and this feeling swamped the awakening critical one and I remained a receptive child. . . My first sharp personal experience was connected with a disagreement of some importance between my Mother and myself and although I recall only vaguely her anger and my tears, I distinctly re-live the wonderful emotion of personal dignity upon

finding myself taking my own independent line. And I can still re-feel this emotion swelling my personality to proportions so huge that all encroaching states, discomfort and confusion, pain and tears were completely blotted out. . . Since those days of my childhood I have slowly and painfully found out, and always by experience, that the certainties of the grown-ups expressed in their active responses, in their emotional valuations, as well as in their theories, are not universally valid, but only commonplace, and that there is no kingdom of proper action and feeling common to all, upon which one enters on reaching maturity. Experience has revealed to me that the world is a totally different world when one is personally acquainted with it, from its 'hear-say' self, no matter who the gossip may be. And since my belief in the certitude of other consciousnesses has been destroyed by experience, itself has, of course, become my light, and that upon which it has not yet shone, lies in the shadows and fascinates me in its mystery, and I speculate with pleasurable excitement on what will some day be disclosed."

"And in the meantime," said Taddeo, "you do give personal responses to foreign experience

in the literature you read, in art, in the social order and in the individual life about you; for all this experience is after all extraneous to you as it is to me, and yet you respond, not after living through the same situations, but instinctively and immediately, is it not so?"

"But there is a real distinction between intuitive response and experience, do you not see," I exclaimed, "for although spirit calls to spirit and one does respond to all its manifestations, and most intensely and immediately to artistic stimulation, what, I ask you, assures me that the emotion aroused is a truly sympathetic, that is, an identical one? In the case of art itself, what warrants a belief that the response contains real understanding of the artist's attitude? And so in all other cases involving men and their spirit and their work, — of course I am conscious of responding with feeling to all that touches me, but is it a corresponding and a comprehending feeling? Is it knowledge? When that which arouses it is something that in the course of living has had to establish relations with myself, I imagine that the response corresponds and gives reliable understanding, while, on the other hand, if it

have no direct experience to appeal to, it may or may not be knowledge."

"And how does the original experience — the external stimulus which has established relations to the response — having had nothing already existing to test itself by, carry conviction that it gives knowledge and hence is a real experience?" Taddeo asked.

"I don't know," I said, "except that it had to be accepted because it was inevitable in the process of living; do you know?"

"I don't need to," Taddeo answered, "because I believe all responses, even if not inevitable and not real experience in your sense, to be valuable, in that although they may not grasp foreign consciousness accurately they at least add to one's fitness for understanding. One practices in the art of knowing, even if one cannot be certain of having reached knowledge."

"Where do you place the difference in our views, then?" I asked him.

"I think your idea of full experience overemphasizes the element of intellectuality. You reject intuitive response because you desire to somehow fix the stimulus, your ideal being, as you yourself constantly asseverate, in-

tellectual. By knowing definite, measurable, usable things about the other mind or its expression, you imagine that you can somehow make your emotion more accurate and that in return it will unmistakably lead you into the heart of the other."

"Yes, yes, that's true, and the explanation of my attitude is that I am essentially an emotional nature and tend to react emotionally with immediacy, so that intellectual mediation has no chance to intervene. And therefore it is only after the response is made that I can endeavor to correct it. Whereas you, who are an emotionally controlled and contemplatively intellectual nature, pursue the natural order of first apprehending intellectually and then appreciating emotionally. Yes, that must be it; whereas you make foreign experience your own, I try and try in vain to get my own to correspond to that of others."

"You should have entertained Socrates with this hair-splitting analysis," Taddeo remarked, "but even I enjoyed it, and the outcome I find particularly amusing, which seems to be, that, while we are both trying to do the same thing, — to get at the heart of the world's desire intellectually and through sympathy, — you are

so young and so impetuous and so subjective that you more often fail, and I am so old and so calm and so objective that I more often succeed."

"Well," I remarked, "isn't it the truth?"

"Not in my case," said Taddeo.

"What then is the truth in your case?" I asked.

"Not having experienced it, you would not understand it," he replied.

"Oh, very well," I said.

NOT long after we plunged back into our chief dispute. The occasion was an exhibition of Wiswamitra's accomplishments by Taddeo who rode extremely well, during which Wanda stood squattily on the roadside and allowed her "confrère" to display his charms before her without the slightest show of interest. As a finish to the performance Taddeo put the spurs to Wiswamitra and they flew past at a pace which looked like the running-away pace. And it likewise looked very splendid, and I thought that to fly through space next to them would be to approach as nearly as was compatible with human limitations to the feeling of perfect freedom. Under the given conditions (Wanda) this could not be tested, but I mentioned it to Taddeo in a complimentary speech.

"I don't understand what in this feeling of flying (if you will) on a horse, can appear to you like freedom," he said; "if the horse were to run away, then perhaps one might feel free, — free from responsibilities, free from the power of foretelling the future, free from all but

the intoxication of the present sensation with an unknown and incalculable background. Such concentration in the moment, such a sense of oneness, of unity, might be a sense of freedom. . . And," continued Taddeo, with a smile one gives a child one loves but teases, "the horse too, if he were running away, might feel free; he would at least be obeying the dictates of his own nature, he would not indeed quite attain Kantian ideals, since he might not conceive it a law of his reason to run away, — still, he would be acting in his own fashion, freed from the control of outside forces. . . Yes, Wiswamitra would be a relatively free creature if he ran away, and I might feel like a free creature for a moment, if he ran me away. But as it is, guiding him to behave himself, how can either he or I feel free? But your explanations, little sister, — no — a moment — I will guess them. I am quite wrong in thinking that a sense of irresponsibility is freedom; it is just because of my control over the horse, — because I am driving my will into the horse's actions, because in short these actions full of action, of life, of force, of apparent freedom are yet controlled by me, — that I feel free; is it not this you were going to say?" Taddeo

put his hand on my bridle and looked under the brim of my hat. "The victory of the human intelligence over brute force without its destruction, the utilisation of brute force by brain force, etc., etc." (During which his eyes were twinkling into mine.)

I replied: "If I were you now, Taddeo brother, I should no doubt sulk and refuse further conversation on the matter. This would of course be the logical attitude of a sensitive nature with a scorn for the intellect. I shall now show how the opposite sort of person whom nevertheless you persist in calling sister, for reasons known to yourself alone, proceeds under such provocation. . . Let's discuss the question methodically. But first let me tell you that I don't consider things untrue simply because someone else has found them out first or because others, even many others, have tested them to their satisfaction. In fact, even if the whole world agreed on something, it would not necessarily be untrue to my mind. So much for the trite sayings you attribute to me. . . What then must one understand by a free person? Every modern novel speaks of the 'esprit libre,' the free or emancipated individual; what do you think this

ought to mean? I'll tell you what it means, if anything. The way I have thought it out is by imagining what I shall be when I shall be free. Well, I shall be a person who acts openly in accordance with her intellectual convictions. For it isn't enough to say with Kant that I must give myself the law in accordance with my own nature and without external compulsion. The real struggle does not lie between external and internal influences; not at all; Spinoza was much closer to the truth when he saw that it was a question of the supremacy of one part of one's nature over another, of the reason over the emotions. I shall be free when my intellect has controlled my feelings. . . And you?"

Taddeo was looking at me with an expression of every kind of disturbance, of annoyance, fear, sadness and a little disgust, all mingled together. His voice was less soft, less caressing, less singing than usual; it tried to be what most voices can't help being, penetrating and deliberate. He stopped his horse and mine, probably unconsciously, — I noticed all this for I was not excited, having foreknowledge of what Taddeo was going to say, — in a general way at least.

"Listen," he began. "What you think, or what you say you think, is entirely false; freedom means nothing but harmony, yes; but it is not the victory of the intelligence over the feelings, nor the opposite, it is an understanding between the different phases of our nature; — the free individual is he in whose soul all seed comes to fruition somehow, not he who kills half of himself for the benefit of the other half. You feel this, you know it, but you won't admit it, is it not so?"

"I do feel it, yes, but I don't think it, and there you have the matter in a nutshell, and that's why I am not your sister: we differ in this vital matter. — I don't *care how I feel*, I want to know."

Taddeo had one of his Italian gestures, a little shrug of despair, and a drawing in of his lips and a dropping of his eyes, as we started our horses up. "You are partially right," I continued, "harmony is not *always* strife; there are natures whose elements blend into white light, and I believe you to be one of those rare creatures, dear Taddeo. But far oftener there is an apparent harmony only which consists in a colourless character, and persons of such character experience no conflict

because either their feelings or their convictions are so weak that the one party submits to the other without a struggle, in any situation. . . I even can conceive of persons who are free because they have once for all made up their minds to live in accordance with their feelings and impulses, for they, I suppose, actually *form* their views with an eye on their instincts and emotions, and although their minds are mere instruments of their desires, they are not slaves to them, because this subordination has been voluntarily chosen. Such persons may no doubt feel free in an individualistic manner; it is the freedom of which we hear from some interpreters of Nietzsche in the phrase 'das Sich-aus-leben.' I cannot care for this brand of freedom because it is illogical. It is anti-social and therefore it makes of the individual who has thus emancipated himself and who nevertheless still lives in social relationships a parasite, one who lives on others and returns nothing. There remains the one other method of attaining harmony: the transformation of the character in accordance with the teachings of the reason, and consequent action based upon them. This is mine."

Taddeo said after a while: "You imagine

most of this disharmony, you mistake for turbulence what are simply the pains of growing. You are young; I am young, too; and new emotions are blossoming all the time, just as new thoughts are, but there is room for all and for the enjoyment of all. With your ideal of transforming the feelings, you run the risk of strangling and impoverishing them. . . You don't need to do any of these things, you can so well let yourself live just as you are. The process of living, life itself, corrects these things, my dear friend."

"Taddeo," I took his hand in mine, for we communicated our excitement to one another, "you are my friend and I am yours; each understands how the other feels, — but I must work out my own problems. You may be right and I may be wrong, stupid, and more than stupid, but I must know and find it out for myself. Don't discourage and dissuade me. With great effort I've kept bright the little illumination of my mind that threatens to be extinguished by the gusts of feeling that leave me hardly any peace. I have succeeded in cultivating a certain repose, in meditation, in thought, in speech and in manner, and these are my inhibitions against the inroad of the

mass of my constantly arising and changing sentiment and mood. You have greater confidence in their quality than I have; perhaps you may be right. It would be very well if you were right, but, in the meanwhile, they must not be permitted to overrun the mind. And you are to help me by not taking their part, by remaining neutral. Let us agree to discuss all these questions dispassionately and impersonally, when we do discuss them, shall we?"

Taddeo pressed my hand and nodded, and said nothing, but I knew that he understood, and I knew what he was feeling, and it was hard for both of us because more than we were anything else we were friends, and we were young, and almost irresistibly drawn one to the other. But it seemed to me that it was my right —

SUMMER had reached its full strength; a July sun was shining upon us, and the time was at hand for the composition of my Seminar paper. The question that confronted me for settlement therefore was this: which of my present occupations should be sacrificed to the additional work?

Considering the situation lazily, I concluded that I could not afford to miss the mornings spent out of doors with Taddeo, for — I told myself — they were necessary to me. Neither could I afford to miss my afternoon lectures and my library work. As for the twilight hour on the balcony, dedicated to the celebration of approaching night and to meditation, were I to give up this hour, I reflected, I should have but half lived the preceding ones and their events, and all the half-thought thoughts, half-felt feelings and half-spoken sentences of the day would never reach completion. There remained but the black portion of the night which, well filled with study, seemed as necessary to my intellectual progress, if not to my

general well-being, as the other parts of the day. And so I played with possible plans and arrangements, while fully formed in the background of consciousness lay the knowledge that it was the mornings that would have to be sacrificed for the remaining two or three weeks. I said the mornings, but the sacrifice that took dim pictorial outlines was that of Taddeo and myself, whom I fancied walking hand in hand to some indefinite altar, and at the moment of separation vanishing into currents of air rushing in opposite directions. . . This knowledge having finally and in spite of passive resistance penetrated into the glare of full consciousness, the next event that my unwilling mind foresaw was that of the announcement of its necessity to Taddeo. Taddeo and myself had, as by some magical circumstance, fallen into a friendship so complete that it presented no occasion for realisation in consciousness. As the will must be thwarted to become self-conscious, as the attention must be confronted with alternatives to actively choose, as some difficulty must arise to create a conscious situation, so perhaps, some untoward circumstance, some essential difference, some flaw and imperfection, such as the necessity for temporary renuncia-

tion, was needed to bring us to a realization of our relation.

And now the twilight hour of fading light that had the effect of resolving all mental activity into waves and billows of feeling against which the weary mind rested in delicious comfort and whose far-off and inarticulate music celebrated Taddeo, — this twilight hour was now resisted by a mood in which the mists had dissolved, and things were revealed as they appeared when the eye looked upon them with the object of seeing. And first of all, Freiburg presented itself not as the many-turreted brightly painted friend of blue skies and golden suns, not as the background and embracing mother of thousands of mysterious men, women and children of strange and hence interesting manners of intercourse, living in old dwellings eloquent of the taste of past generations of mysterious beings, — but rather as the Freiburg which contained the seat of learning where, in a limited amount of time, I was to acquire as large an amount of special knowledge as I was able to assimilate. And into the former Freiburg, which was the real experienced one, — the latter having remained a theoretic abstraction, as I now clearly perceived, — there

had come Taddeo, abstractly considered and defined, a charming youth with whom intercourse was both profitable and otherwise pleasant. But concretely and empirically Taddeo had affected me not at all as a young cosmopolitan of parts, but, alas, as an event, or even as an entire situation, enveloping, embracing, circumfusing. Indeed, I now identified him as the source and origin of all those billows of feeling that in evaporating had filled the atmosphere with a sentiment I inhaled with delight and without question. I likewise thought to perceive that it was this new content of life that had not only completely obscured the ideal Freiburg and my ideal tastes, but had removed even the mysterious and pulsating Freiburg to the "coulisses," reducing it to a mere background and setting, picturesque but unreal. I also thought to see, that although I was attending lectures and reading philosophy, although in short I was working, I was not working up to the limit of my capacity, I was not putting my most intense energies into my work. If the attempt to understand the spirit and to feel the charm of the life called Freiburg had encroached somewhat upon my energies before Taddeo's advent, since his coming the

new sentiment of which he was the focal point though it had by no means smothered my intellectual force had considerably reduced it.

What, I asked myself disgustedly, did I wish, after all? On the external side I wished to do a distinguished piece of work which would lead to Rickert's desire to have me take my degree with him; and I wished to obtain my degree with another solid piece of work which should have to do with a problem I had already selected and whose discussion seemed to me supremely important. This meant, on the subjective side, for one thing, a thorough understanding of Rickert's own views, and besides, and chiefly, a general clarification of my own mind in reference to some of the ultimate problems of philosophy and possible methods for their solution. At the very least I was determined to get a real hold on the kernel of the difficulties that philosophic thought attempts to unravel. All this within the next year or two.

Between this steep and thorny road (it had never seemed so before) and myself, Taddeo stood and beckoned to flowering meadows and romantic forest, and clouds of delicious sympathy enclosed his domain and shut out all

else. But I thought of the dazzling heights to be reached by the steep and thorny path and the invigorating air above and the broad outlook and the greater nearness to the heavens and to the truth, and Taddeo appeared to me as an obstruction that should and might well be sacrificed. And I told myself with fright in my heart that nothing that could befall me was half as terrible as to forget my aim and my ultimate ideal even for a moment, and that without it my life would fall together like a pack of cards. And that I could not grow without a sense of direction, and that I could not live without growing. . . .

I next pictured the good-bye from Taddeo. It took the outlines of a highly dramatic sacrificial rite, taking place Somewhere in the woods, preferably To-morrow morning. I should objectively and firmly inform him of the fact that all my thoughts and all my time must now go into my "Referat," and that there must therefore be an interruption of our companionship; only temporarily, I should add kindly, for two or three weeks perhaps, and that after it was over there would still remain another week before the close of the term. I foresaw Taddeo's flush and his pain, and in my sacri-

ficial mood I found pleasure in these stabs that would wound and lacerate me as well, and thus enhance the heroism of my act in my own eyes. I also thought to foresee that Taddeo would kiss my hand, and in anticipation I felt the nearness of his beautiful head and the appeal in his troubled eyes, and I was filled with pride in my strength to resist all this: I thought well of myself.

THE following morning I awakened to the sound of pattering rain, and a sense of dampness and darkness gradually impinged upon my sharpening senses, and also their meaning: that the ceremony in the woods attending the assertion of my liberty would have to be deferred; and a feeling of disappointment oppressed me. I tried to settle down to work, but I became acutely conscious of the hard grey light and the ugly walls of my room, of my inconvenient desk and of the difficulties of the task before me; and a sense of the deadness of things oppressed me. I began to feel very sorry for myself, and for a time I saw myself as a pathetic young figure struggling with the problems that from hoary antiquity had occupied the minds of old and ripe men, and I almost laughed and almost cried; and a sense of the futility of all things oppressed me. As the morning grew older the strength of my impulse leaked away completely, and by noon I felt certain that a perfect friendship was at least as valuable a state as that of philosophic

wisdom, and that the acquisition of the latter was too dear at the cost of risking the loss of the former. As for my paper, it could easily be written between ten and two in the night, nor would it be the first time that I had burned midnight oil without disastrous results. . . Having decided upon this, the oppression lifted, the patter of the rain made a pleasantly intimate sound and the grey light assumed an enveloping and protecting air. All was well again except that deep down there remained a gnawing sense of weakness and defeat.

I was about to attack my books with cheerfulness, if not with enthusiasm, when Taddeo himself was announced as waiting to see me downstairs. He never before had come to this house where I lived, and I descended wondering and puzzled, and the impression I got on seeing him standing in the so-called parlour was chiefly that of the ugliness of everything excepting himself. And then in his gentlest and simplest manner he spoke, and apologized for coming at all, and remarked that he had but come to say farewell, for he found himself obliged to go to Frankfurt to see an old friend of his father's who would be there the next day.

"For how long?" I managed to ask, as I felt myself flushing with surprise.

"Only for a week or two, three at the utmost," said Taddeo, who was looking at me with an irritating expression of angelic satisfaction. I thereupon said that I hoped he would enjoy himself, that I should be working very hard at my Referat in the meanwhile, that I should not have been able to go out with him during the next weeks anyhow, that I computed it would take me four hours a day for two weeks to do the necessary reading, and four or five days for the actual writing, — "so I shan't miss you as much as I might otherwise have done," I added, because, after all, it was Taddeo and not some accidental person.

"Then I shan't so much mind having to go," said Taddeo, but he didn't look as if he minded in the least, for there still was the expression of ecstatic satisfaction on his face.

And after speaking a little of Frankfurt and of other indifferent matters, he kissed my hand and left, and the nearness of his beautiful face was no temptation to my sympathy, and I felt neither pride nor the elation of strength, as biting my lips and stiffening my muscles, I watched Taddeo disappear from view up the street.

THE next few weeks brought with them a satisfaction and a disillusion.

I was happy to find that concentration became more and more easy for me and was far more enjoyable in practice than I had anticipated. A heat-wave of a degree of intensity never of course experienced by Freiburgers in their entire history had descended upon us. I found it agreeable to rise at six o'clock, to work for some hours before and after breakfast, and during the heat of the day to distract myself with light literature, returning to my work again after nine o'clock in the evening and continuing as far into the night as I felt entirely awake. In planning to get the air — exerting my imagination left barren by Taddeo's absence — I hit upon the idea of driving out from eight to nine o'clock, my twilight hour, which had lost its charm anyway. As a companion I secured Fräulein Blümlein with whom I had become acquainted at Rickert's course of philosophy which she too attended. Fräulein Blümlein was a poetess by profession, and also

otherwise, and her real self and her real life were contained in her published volumes of lyrics, and in those that one easily could fancy made up her inner constitution, for she was an immaterial and silent little woman, frail of body and with a face of which it was impossible to remember anything but the expression, — shy, veiled, absorbed, intense and worried, — this not serially, but simultaneously, so that, although it was very much of an expression, it seemed not to express anything actual or even possible.

Almost every evening she and I drove out in a landau drawn by two stout and lazy horses, — perhaps relatives of Wanda, — and driven by a fat, red-faced coachman over the roads where I had ridden at first alone and afterwards with Taddeo, and past villages which lay much silenced and refined by the gold and pink glow of the departed sun. Leaning back, languid and limp after the hot day, we watched the night preparing to descend and breathed the evening breezes in sympathetic silence until we felt cooled and refreshed.

On evenings a little less hot, we sometimes walked together to nearby country inns for an "al fresco" supper. On one of these occa-

sions, as we sat at a table on a terrace of the "Schlossberg," a mile up among the vineyards, whence one had a pretty view of the town below, I attempted, inspired perhaps by the material nature of our occupation and encouraged by the view of sardines, ham and eggs, black bread, butter and cheese and beer, to find out what my companion thought and felt when not in a lyrical mood; how every-day and all-the-time matters, the trifles that go to make up the weighty twenty-four hours, affected her, and whether the Fräulein Blümlein who lived here and now, and was looking at and talking to my present and material self was enjoying it or not, for instance, and what she thought of our being here together and so on. So I spoke of myself, of my past studies in very different surroundings, of my interests and my ambitious hopes. From Fräulein Blümlein's reception of this proffered information and her responses, I gathered, however, that to her I was not really an individual at all, but rather a human suggestion, as it were, capable to a high degree both of absorbing and of nourishing her evidently incorruptible lyrical mood. And I soon thought I saw myself as she somehow had conceived me, — a decorative creature, indefinite

enough to be pulled into any ideal shape and complex enough to permit any desired quality to be stowed away into her, a dream-like stranger from afar, — and at that an afar which the poetess did not like to have specified. And in her presence I even began to *feel* this way, poetic, ornamental, distant and unreal, and although I knew that I was none of these things excepting for Fräulein Blümlein, I immensely enjoyed getting the sense of them. On our drives together I tried to look my part, silent, rapt, far-away, and I thought that any discerning passer-by might easily recognise in us two a poetess and a poem. . . . It was an amusing game for a while, but it wasn't human intercourse.

Since Taddeo's departure I found myself spending more time in the Seminar room in the late afternoon, where conversations between the occupants had become more frequent, perhaps because the term in drawing to an end had lightened the intellectual burden of most of the students. We talked philosophy, and we spoke of our plans, and it appeared that most of the special students were intending to return to Freiburg for the winter term. I too, I proclaimed, was hoping to return, but I could

not be sure of a welcome before my paper should be judged worthy. Although the others knew this, they had perhaps not realized that I was fully aware of it myself, and I rather approved of myself for my courage to enlighten them, thus publicly freighting the approaching day with its full and frightening significance. I could be heroic for a moment in following an impulse, I reflected, and that this was a pseudo-heroism and the only kind I was capable of, I likewise knew, and I disapproved of myself more deeply than I had approved a moment before. And especially when in analysing my feelings I comprehended that in reality what I liked to mistake for courage was chiefly vanity. For when I had announced my awareness of the importance of the approaching occasion to the students, I knew the real impelling reason to have been a zest for intellectual excitement, in that the occasion's enhanced importance would enhance its interest and the significance of all that was connected with it. On going to work at my desk I now could say to myself: "This looks like an ordinary desk, like ordinary pen, paper and ink, and the books you are consulting are just atoms in an ocean of books. But in reality

they are the tools with which you are forging your own destiny, Henrie, for every sentence you write will make a difference." I did say things of this sort to myself and it lent intensity to my task and glory to its accomplishment, and I enjoyed myself.

In my renewed intercourse with the Seminar students I made a discovery. They now seemed far less mysterious and less fascinating, and I found myself satisfied to take them as they gave themselves. Even Herr Schulze of the "allure" of a Renaissance Christ seemed not entirely untouched by the commonplace, or at any rate, the negligible. And reviewing my former feelings in this matter, I now realized that the outgoing interest the objects about me had drawn from me, had sometime since returned somehow from its diffused radiation and had focused in Taddeo. And it appeared to me (although obscurely, because introspection became painful, striking against the opaque as it seemed) that this interest, — which was in essence incapable of motion toward the self, — now that it no longer flowed out, neither to Taddeo nor to the former objects that had attracted it, lay inert, uncertain, dormant. I seemed to go about with a deep-down and far-away sense

that some of me was turned off (thinking of a current), smothered (thinking of a flame), withering (thinking of a life), and that it had left the rest of me brighter, simpler, harder, more efficient, — like a machine. . . But I had no idea why this should be the case.

My work itself, on the other hand, interested me immensely, not only because of its autobiographical significance but for its intrinsic worth. Its general subject, the relation of the intellect and the will in the act of judgment, was one that I intensely desired to analyse and understand. The Master's view of it, which I was incidentally to expound, had not yet been published or otherwise explicitly expressed, so that it had to be gleaned from his general epistemological standpoint. I say gleaned because the processes by which I was to reach the same conclusions as another mind did not seem to be purely logical, but in part at least intuitive as well. And it was good sport, after girding myself with the Master's general philosophical preferences and prejudices and with those of his theories known to me, to attempt his own intuitive leaps, where the conditions for sober inferential steps were incomplete. And as the work progressed, there was added

to my enjoyment the increment of knowledge of success, and with this the cup of intellectual pleasure seemed full and overflowing. Taddeo, whom I had dismissed from my mind in theory when he left, was now absent very often in reality. I reflected that either I was far more superficial, emotionally, than I had known, or far stronger of will. But I succeeded quite easily in putting from me the temptation to ponder over this question. . . .

INFLOWING time finally carried on its crest the important day, crowned with a burning sun that was still ardent at five o'clock, as I slowly walked to the University. In the morning I had rehearsed the reading of the paper in order to time myself, and the little paper had been very precise and had taken the allotted three quarters of an hour almost to the minute. And as I walked along the hot streets holding its compact body in my hand, it all of a sudden seemed to me a funny little thing, so light, so slight, so frail in spite of the many elements that had gone to make it up and the energies which compounded them; and it seemed ridiculous that this little paper thing should hold the power to make any real difference to anything at all. And presently when I reached the Seminar, humour spread over everything, the hot afternoon and the stuffy room and the perspiring grave faces of the sixteen who gradually assembled, and especially I struck myself as fantastic and comical, having come here fearfully hot and uncomfortable, and as

chance had it, in a white sailor suit (though in the centre of the continent), to read a troublesome and more or less superfluous essay, just because I desired to know the meaning of life. . . .

The Master entered, he hot also and grave; we rose, he waved graciously-dramatically, we permitted ourselves to sit down again, the noise of the settling chairs subsided, and silence and heat filled the room, and I was invited to begin. I did so, and no evidence of any form of embarrassment presented itself as for three quarters of an hour I read on mechanically, while my unoccupied mental energy was possessed by an awareness of the presence of seventeen bodies with thirty-four ears, of their movements, their occasional coughs, of the sticky heat, the bad air, the fun of reading German that I had myself composed, and of the charm of a novel situation. And finally I heard my voice cease: the little paper was exhausted and done for. . . . There followed a short silence and then a warmly complimentary criticism on the part of the Master, which I realized I had expected while it was being uttered, and after that some half hour of discussion, and the Seminar broke up for the

term. The Master left, some of the kindly disposed of the sixteen gave me congratulatory handshakes, so that there were lacking none of the external signs of success, and I gave a last long look at the dingy little room in its summer suit of sunlight and dust, and left it. And as I walked home in the only slightly diminished heat with the knowledge that my little thought-and-paper contribution to the forces directing my destiny had accomplished all that could be expected of it, the whole episode nevertheless seemed completely finished and done away with, and time, space and consciousness were quite empty for the rest of the day, and when I went to bed I admitted to myself that I could not think of a single thing to do or to want to do on the morrow.

DURING the night a tremendous storm broke up the hot wave and brought a cold, grey and wet morning. I spent it writing letters home and this helped me to forget for a moment that I was in Freiburg which since the close of the Seminar on the afternoon before seemed an intolerable place to be in. And in the cold, grey and wet afternoon I forced myself to attend the Master's lecture, — one of his last. I seated myself in the back of the room, feeling listless and disagreeable, and the odour of damp coats, rubbers, umbrellas and damp persons intensified my mood. My neighbour on one side was occupied in noisily scratching his long name into his portion of our desk, and he on the other side continually flourished a handkerchief saturated with bay rum about his face and in the space intervening between us. "This is too much, this is too much," I chanted to myself internally over and over again, in order to soothe my nerves (instead of which it irritated them), as I sat with my eyes on my note-book, conscious that my almost unbearable peevish-

ness expressed itself in my features, and wildly desirous to communicate it to all about me and so to get rid of it, and not knowing how to do so.

After eternity seemed to be coming to an end the Master entered, and upon his entrance I looked up, and on the way to the "catheder" my look encountered Taddeo. I felt the blood leave my heart and for a while I heard nothing but an inner voice singing, "Taddeo, Taddeo, Taddeo," unceasingly, until the thoughts, pale, thin and distant and shut off from communication, once more flitted into consciousness, and after a while I knew that I had never before felt so glad to see anyone. Placing my notebook on my lap I folded my hands on it and let my enslaved thoughts go on their badly needed holiday. And every now and then they returned and together with my eyes rested on Taddeo, as some Greek hero or demi-god — my memory cannot place him — kissed the earth every now and again to derive fresh strength from contact with his maternal source.

Out on their holiday my thoughts sang, "Your friend is here, your brother is here, Taddeo is here." But "brother" did not sound the right note, and I thought of our

visit to the cathedral when he had told me about himself and when I had wished I were his mother. And looking at him, pale, sad and absolutely quiet, it again seemed to me that he was very young and I very old, and that he needed me a hundred times more than I needed him, and I felt very pitying, tender and maternal, — and this although I divined that Taddeo knew exactly what and how he felt about all things he cared about, and thus was far more mature than myself, who for weeks had not missed him greatly and on his reappearance could not let him out of the embrace of my thoughts for a moment. . . . And nevertheless the caresses of my thoughts were maternal caresses and were mingled of pleasure and pain.

And all at once it occurred to me to question: why had he, my Taddeo, who was attached to me as I to him, after voluntarily leaving me, returned to me in the publicity of the classroom, so that the happiness of reunion was dissipated through intervening and unsympathetically filled space and time. With this question in my mind I was looking at him, when abruptly he turned his head in my direction and looked at me, and the intervening

objects shrank into nothing and in the greeting of his eyes I thought to read the explanation. And I suddenly understood how stupid I had been, and I suddenly understood how Taddeo had left because he knew better than I did myself that I needed his absence for my work, — and with an oppressive inrush of tenderness I suddenly understood how unselfish was his attachment to me. . . . And I was overcome by the guilty conscience of one who takes love from her child instead of giving it; and the caresses with which my thoughts touched him now were those of a repentant mother who needs forgiveness.

We met outside the University Gate. We greeted each other with smiles and walked through the street silent, and there was in the atmosphere something of the embarrassment that possesses near relatives when an unwonted separation renders them self-conscious at their reunion, no matter how satisfactory an event it may otherwise be. When we were out of sight of the University, out of the sphere of its influence, and no longer pre-eminently students, as it were, Taddeo said:

"You did not write to me?"

I answered impulsively, "I never thought

of it," and was punished by Taddeo's pained eyes and quick flush. And immediately I felt: "Everything is wrong once more and if Taddeo does not soon get over this awful sensitiveness, I shall myself fall ill of his flushes and his wounds"; but I gathered together the remnants of the mother sentiment of the past hour and continued: "It must have been because I never thought of you in any positive place, not even at Frankfurt, but simply as gone away, as missing, — you must forgive me." And I added questions about Frankfort and the father's friend in breathless haste, to which Taddeo made no reply, so that silence walked between us and threatened a real separation. "Taddeo," I said, and I suppose there was fear in my voice, "you must forgive me. I know now that I was thinking of myself alone, — of how I was deprived of my friend; — I forgot to think of you. Now that I have you again, my Taddeo, I can't understand it myself. Don't make me say more, — I can't."

"No," he replied, "do not say more, I understand and it is as it should be. You had the work to do and you were right to forget all else; I ought not to desire it otherwise. But if you had written only a little letter it would

have meant that you did think of me and it would have made me content; — especially," he added, "because I was quite alone after all; my father's friend did not come."

It was a soul badly wanting a little appreciation that I heard back of the matter-of-fact delivery of these words (thank Heaven that my selfishness has not entirely dulled my perception, I thought), and I said, "Taddeo, Taddeo, you are too good to me, you encourage my selfishness; — and you stayed in Frankfurt all alone to leave me to my work. — I'm afraid you're perfect," I added with a smile to which he responded in kind (thank Heaven for that, I thought), and sweetly replied:

"I'm used to being all alone, you know, and therefore you need have no fears about my perfection." (Repress your tears, repress them; I ordered myself.)

Harmony between us was re-established, and a feeling of infinite peace and of infinite fatigue filled me. The sun was struggling through the clouds and the wet world was glittering and Taddeo was ready to walk through it with me, but I went home and rid myself of my tears and my joy and my perplexities and my forebodings in sleep.

I AROSE refreshed from deep sleep in the morning and amused at having slept in my clothes for fourteen hours like a heroine in a real novel in which things happen. A fresh summer morning in a newly washed frame greeted me and I was to resume my walks with Taddeo; (— I called them my life with Taddeo in private). But alas, once more a new period had arrived: our future plans must be decided on. I knew indeed that this might be done by myself alone quite as well as together with Taddeo, since his point of view a part of me could perfectly represent, having had experience of his unselfish effacement; but in spite of this and in spite of a fear that we might be led too far into the heart of things if we were to go into them together, I owed it to my friend, I thought, to take him by the hand and let him walk with me in this matter.

Later in the morning we strolled out of the town toward the north. Our road led along the fringe of the woods and was elevated a little, so that one had a view of the railroad

tracks running parallel with it a quarter of a mile away across flat country that stretched out in pale green softness as far as the eye could see, a simple plain dotted with villages and ending in a hazy horizon where one divined rather than saw the Vosges' mountain tops. Here the feeling was one of air, expansion, distance; and Freiburg, as we looked back at it, from being a place near the centre of the universe surrounded by walks and excursions, shrank into a mere point on the railway tracks, tracks running past it indifferently in both directions.

"Don't you think, Taddeo," I said, when we shared a bench and from under my blue sunshade surveyed the sample of the world around us, "towns of importance ought to have railway tracks running into their stations and out again on a parallel line, instead of through them?"

"To suggest that they are worthy of being ends-in-themselves, 'termini ad quem,' and not accidental places on the path to somewhere else? Most of them do have such an arrangement."

"Don't you think Freiburg ought to," I said, "don't you think our 'alma mater' is worthy of it?"

"That is quite a subjective affair," he answered; "for you Freiburg is a most important town because it contains Rickert and all that he contains, and the interpretive powers of Broderson and sights and sounds that you have not in New York; for me it is important because it contains you, and for most of the other students because these railway tracks we are speaking of lead so quickly into Switzerland in one direction and into the Rheingau in the other. But from an objective and statistical view-point, Freiburg's value lies mainly in the relative cheapness of life and comfort; — at least since the days of her Berthold Schwarz who discovered gunpowder, — unless you consider that Rickert has since discovered the relation of thought and reality? . . . I should otherwise say that there is no valid reason why the tracks should not run negligently past the city of Freiburg."

(How much less Freiburg means to him than to me, I reflected, partly envious and partly annoyed.) "I don't think you ought to be allowed to return to this 'alma mater,' ungrateful nursling who speak so slightingly of her," I remarked carelessly.

"I did not expect to be allowed to return,"

Taddeo said slowly. (Now we are in the midst of things, here is destiny advancing, I told myself.)

Taddeo took my hand in both of his and I forced myself to look him in the face and saw that although he was turned toward me and was very close, his gaze was averted, and that he had the immobility of one who is listening for far-away sounds. I too was stricken by a sudden powerlessness to think, speak or act, and it seemed to me that unless something from the outside interposed, we should never be able to go on at all. We sat this way a long time, I think, and then life flowed back with Taddeo's remark, "I expect to leave for America in a few days."

("How differently everything works out in detail, but back of this and beyond, it is exactly as I know it is," my thoughts meant; "I don't know what to say now; say nothing then, don't interfere, keep quiet.")

After a pause Taddeo continued: "I am going to make the acquaintance of the country you were born in and where you have lived. And you will have plenty to tell me about it."

So, — blessed though flat-tasting relief, — we spoke of his trip and as I was talking me-

chanically of steamers, of climate and of railroads, I was thinking of Taddeo's course of action and it soon took on the colour of a very sensible and suitable one, and my spirits rose and in the middle of an account of the different climatic seasons of California I broke off: "And when you return in the fall and have seen the United States and their inhabitants, think of how we shall discuss them together. Then you'll get my past experience in its proper setting; — I pity you already for all you will have to listen to."

"Yes," said Taddeo, "and where and when will it be that we shall have such talks?" — and swept us back. . . .

"Taddeo," I faced him and we sat eye in eye and with interlaced hands, and now I had no more private thoughts, but only a passionate desire to break down anything and everything that was between us, discretion, prudence, or whatever one might call these barriers, so that at least we might suffer together in sympathy; "I don't know where and when it will be, but somewhere and sometime. I must work here in Freiburg next winter, this is all I know for the present. I want the degree and what it involves and means. I have planned it thus

and I must have it thus; this is positive. Beyond all this I don't know and I don't think. I don't even *want* to think about anything else; it pains me to. If you are here, we shall be together as we have been, and half my thoughts and my time won't be where I want them. That's all. You know it as well as I do."

"I suppose I do," Taddeo mumbled, as he looked deep into my eyes with the look that hurt, "Somewhere and Sometime; I shall be looking in their direction," and he smiled the smile that hurt, "but it is a very vague and hence a difficult thing to do." After a moment he added, in his brother-tone: "I do know just how you feel, little sister, and what you said was what I expected to hear. But if I must leave you to yourself to pass your examination in having cleared up the mysteries of a world in which truly friendship has no voice, where shall I go then next winter for the good of my own intellectual and aesthetic self?"

So he steered us around the shoals and we were once more safely sailing side by side, tamely and very dejectedly, but still, side by side.

OUR few remaining hours together on sultry August mornings were spent in discussion of his American trip, to which I contributed the gift of detailed information with a perfunctoriness I tried to disguise under the manner of eager interest, while he contributed an equally perfunctory reception of this information to which he strove to give the appearance of warm gratitude. What we both did with sincerity was to take long if surreptitious last looks at our cathedral nave, our secluded forest nooks and so forth. Until the day of his departure was upon us. . . . On the morning of his last day I suggested to him an idea that had given me thrills of delight since its inception, and which was that of walking to Güntersthal together in the moonlight that night, as a farewell ceremony. And his eyes lighted, and his lips trembled into a smile. . . .

The day seemed to linger for ever and ever as I stood on the balcony hoping to encourage night to come on more quickly by watching its advent. But unchanging aeons, immeasurable

waste spaces of time perdured, until finally, finally the air darkened visibly and the white moon began to silver. An excitement, that somehow was tinged with the feeling of the nocturnal, took possession of me as I put on a black and silvery cape and a black béret, relics of past vanity, which seemed to me to express and through expression to emphasize the adventuresome midnight flavour of our excursion, besides sensibly harmonizing with its black and silver setting.

Stepping out on the balcony again I watched for Taddeo and after a time I discovered him standing on the opposite side of the street in a pool of moonshine among the shadows of the chestnuts, bareheaded, with face upturned to me and quite immobile. And suddenly the excursion lost its character of an escapade, and as I hastened down to him all effulgence of carnivalistic gaiety was extinguished.

We walked swiftly and silently along the familiar streets whose aspect the moon had greatly changed. The trees that flanked them and which in the daylight were free individuals only accidentally neighbouring, in the night formed an intimate family of strangely similar and domesticated beings. Darkness must breed

intimacy, I reflected, for somehow it's impossible to conceive of formal and conventional intercourse in the dark.

At the end of these black and white checkered streets we came to the point where the highroad went straight on, and the meadows lay to the right, bathed in moonshine. We descended into their shimmering green and grey mass, quite still but for the sounds of the insects at our feet. How far we walked through these fields and for how long I did not know. He walked beside me, his uncovered head lifted, and in his light clothes his outline melted into the circumambient air, and it seemed to me that the reserve and aloofness that marked him in the glare and bustle of the day-world had dropped from him, and that in this soft and silver and silent world he was at home; — and that his absorption was now aloofness from *me*. . . . And as soon as this notion germinated, I could not bear to have him walk by my side unresponsive and far away, lost in intercourse with the night about him.

The flood of jealousy, my affection, his charm, the insinuating moonshine and the unfamiliar strangeness of it all surged over me like an intoxication demanding its own expres-

sion, and as we walked through the hours, his arm about me and my hand in his, I must have told him all that I had thought and had dreamed of our friendship from the beginning. And I must have reproached him for his detachment and have recalled to him how on reading Heine's poem of the melancholy youth alone in the night I had thought of him, and how it entranced me now to be with him in the beautiful night, and I reproached him again for the absence or the distance of his spirit from mine and said something of this sort: "Where are you, Taddeo; your arm is against me and my hand is in yours and my thoughts are with you and to-morrow we are going to part, — but you're far away."

For he bent his head to mine, and he answered so low that, although his lips were close, I barely heard him, and what he breathed seemed more like thoughts than words:

"Schöne Wiege meiner Leiden,
Schönes Grabmal meiner Ruh',
Schöne Stadt, wir müssen scheiden —
Lebe wohl! ruf' ich Dir zu.

"Lebe wohl, du heil'ge Schwelle,
Wo da wandelt Liebchen traut;

Lebe wohl, du heil'ge Stelle,
Wo ich sie zuerst geschaut.

"Hätt' ich dich doch nie gesehen,
Schöne Herzenskönigin!
Nimmer wär 'es dann geschehen,
Dass ich jetzt so elend bin.

"Nie wollt' ich dein Herze rühren,
Liebe hab' ich nie erfleht:
Nur ein stilles Leben führen
Wollt' ich, wo dein Odem weht.

"Doch du drängst mich selbst von hinnen,
Bittre Worte spricht dein Mund:
Wahnsinn wühlt in meinen Sinnen,
Und mein Herz ist krank und wund.

"Und die Glieder matt und träge
Schlepp' ich fort am Wanderstab,
Bis mein müdes Haupt ich lege
Ferne in ein kühles Grab."

I thereupon reproached him in many words and painted for him the delights and the beauty of our friendship and its exigencies in many words and analysed my attachment to it in many words and rhapsodized about the won-

derful richness and fullness of life, comprehending youth, ambition, sympathy, friendship and affection, and explained how wonderfully much we still could learn and how wonderfully far we still could grow; in short, how perfect were things just as they were. In my painful eagerness to have him agree, I indeed spoke many words and repeated them over and over, always appealing to him: "Don't you feel it, too, Taddeo?" And he invariably answered: "I can't tell you what I feel." And finally when spent I fell into silence, he added: "But I may tell your hand," and covered the hand he held with kisses, and there seemed to be nothing more worth the trouble of saying, and I was aware of nothing but his lips on my hand as we walked back to the place where I lived.

When we separated, I put my arms around him and kissed him, to which he did not respond, and I must have closed my eyes, because I took with me as a last impression of him not his image, but the thrill of intimate contact with his soul through the touch of his body.

I sat by the window during the remaining hours of the night, and the sensations of the immediate past chased one another through

my mind. I lived them over again and I marvelled, as in memory I surveyed the experience, that I should have been able to resist making him happy. In retrospective imagination nothing seemed more inevitable than to have said: "You may tell me what you feel," and in his embrace to have thrilled to the feeling of oneness with him. But reality itself, I reflected, which has the reputation of sweeping away all considerations and barriers in the flood of its intensity, for me at least, on the contrary, set up barriers, perhaps because of its very otherness from myself, I thought, and because in its quality of flowing on into the future and embracing in its every pulse an infinite complexity and duration, it suggested consideration and engendered restraint. And therefore, I concluded, I had found it possible to hold him from me in actuality, while in imagination I found it impossible not to hold him in my arms and forget all else.

When dawn came and the night that had been so wonderful was over forever, and I could once more definitely place him (whom the night seemed to have engulfed) at his rooms preparing for departure in an early train, this slight influx of peace of mind together with my

deadly weariness brought sleep to me. When I awakened Taddeo had left Freiburg. . . .

I packed my trunks and went for a farewell interview with the Master. No one in the street seemed to notice that I was in a trance, neither did the Master with whom I settled the details of the following winter's work, nor his wife when I said "Auf Wiedersehen" to them both, nor the Kommilitonen Brodersen, Schulze, Gruntze and the rest, when we bade one another farewell in the Seminar, nor Familie Rauscher, when I left the next day, nor Marie, who wept, nor Johan, who escorted me to the train.

From the car window I looked my last at the town from which I had expected so much and had received so much — else; I thought of how, seduced by its strangeness, I had fallen into a state of passive submission to its charms, content to contemplate, admire and enjoy every concrete experience; of how I had tried to shake off this dominion over my emotions by bringing my mind to bear on my experiences in the analysis, dissection and location of this strangeness. I thought of how I had partly succeeded and how, as my intellectual acquaintance with them grew, their fascination dimin-

ished. Of how satisfied I was to watch, to learn, to steep myself in philosophy, of how free I finally felt before Taddeo came. How he, Taddeo, dazed me intellectually and obfuscated my vision by standing between me and the future and past, filling time with the present. How the essential thing for me was to get back my intellectual clarity, my outlook, my view of the supreme ideal of the reason. At any cost. . . .

Perhaps because it is impossible to be pessimistic in a train rushing to unknown places, I felt confident that the mood in which I should re-enter Freiburg would at least differ from the one in which I left.

INTERLUDE

I SPEND long hours on this glittering Brittany beach, staring out upon the sparkling ocean, or across the bay at the grey and gold ramparts and towers of the ancient town, that through some trick of light seem, released from their attachment to the earth, to be striving upward to the shining sky. Taddeo is out there beyond those huge masses of water, beyond days of blue ocean with white foamy billows, and monotonous grey ocean with booming waves, and turbulent and stormy blackish ocean. . . .

As the waves beat against this shore, so the past beats upon my mind in waves of memories that keep my spirit informed with him. . . I see him walking across the bright, smooth sand of this beach, and against the blue and golden shining haze of sky his silhouette is bowed down with melancholy and his feet sink into the ground heavily, connecting, as it were, with the past generations of human beings whose suffering and labour produced him. And

unwillingly I suffer with him. And I see him against the nestling, squatting, solid and substantial Freiburg racing past with the spring of a Donatello, erect, free brother of the mountain pine; and unwillingly I rejoice in him. But adroitly I manage to turn my eyes from him as he really lives and breathes, travelling in resigned but unrelieved loneliness over there. . . .

And so I lie on this glittering beach remembering and visioning, — facing the past and facing the unreal, — until exhausted I sink into depths of self-deprecation, calling myself a spinner of webs fashioned to amuse myself alone, a lover of my own free-floating fancies, vainly dreaming what I intimately know into fantastic and unreal shape. And I resent my illegitimate enjoyment and habitually I end it by picking up the discarded Tolstoi or Nietzsche or Maeterlinck or other prophet I carry with me. And he appears to me as a deliverer from the sterile wilderness of dreams, and with him I take refuge in my rooms where no vistas of illimitable sky and dazzling light encourage and confound my fancy.

So the summer is passing, bringing me only a physical present. My spirit lies immersed

in the flow of memory, or smothered in the embrace of the thoughts of the great minds I am reading.

And I look forward eagerly to the winter, when I shall resume life.

PART TWO

DEAR TADDEO,

I have been here for three weeks, it is true, and I have not written to you, it is true. How is this possible, as Kant would put it, and what are the a priori dispositions or forms of the reason to which it points? I am not in an introspective mood, happily, and I don't recommend the problem to your speculation either, for as you know, even Kant has been superseded in the onward march of fact and theory, and although your part, the theory, might express eternal verity, given stable fact, — I am the fact and I am not stable.

Treating the three weeks historically according to the latest methodological fashion (I am at present engaged in writing a paper on Rickert's methodology, immensely difficult and instructive), I begin: I approached Freiburg in the train, in a "Damen Coupé Zweiter Klasse," and in a very uncomfortable mood, — profoundly bored, and saturated through and through with a resentful conviction that life should never repeat an experience, that on the

contrary it should be an habitual affair diversified with interspersed unique episodes. My mind's eye fixed itself beyond power of control upon the most unattractive features of Freiburg's countenance, the cramped orderliness of the whole of it, the smallness and stuffiness of its Hörsäle, its Seminar and its Pension; and I dwelled in imagination in the many emptinesses that your absence, my friend, would create; in turn on the Hörsaal emptiness, the Seminar emptiness, the emptiness of the streets, and of the fields and the roads and woods, and the skies and the views. And I reflected with some degree of satisfaction that as you had never been in my rooms they at least would retain their former ugly plenitude. Everything felt void and qualityless and like nothing, and this feeling crowded into every fibre of me and crushed me into a sort of impersonal receptacle of itself.

The windowpanes of the slow-going car were dirty and I thought it was drizzling. And when finally we arrived at the Freiburg station at about eleven, the same boots, Johan, took my luggage (the same luggage), and I decided to walk to the house in order to escape a same Droschke, horse and driver.

To my great surprise, upon emerging from the dark and damp station into the open of the town, I found the sun shining on it from a dazzling blue sky, the air crisp and tingling, and men, women and children walking quickly along the pavement with cheerfully noisy footsteps that sounded like little explosions. And the wind splashed and slapped against my face as I, following a sudden impulse, likewise walked briskly and noisily toward the Güntersthal meadows to have a look at our country.

In no time at all I reached a view of it, and dear Taddeo: the hills were almost denuded of foliage, — only yellow and reddish frills were sticking to the trees by means of a little blue haze, — and in their severe autumn dress of brown one saw their sharp outlines; and their chartlike, geometrical figure in the now visible regularity of their arboreal growth did not encourage sentimental dipping into the past, but called up by association vague notions of agricultural chemistry (once facts in the foreground of my mind), and still vaguer ones of the German laws for forest conservation.

And these thoughts inspired me to hasten back to town to get a "Verzeichnis" at Bürgers. Walking to the Pension I read it, and it awakened

a keen appetite in my intellectual organs, so that even courses such as "Dogmengeschichte der patristischen Zeit," "Die Ausbildung des soterologischen Dogmenkreises," "Otiskopischer, rhinolaryngoskopischer Kurs," "Waldwertrechnung und forstliche Statik," "Historische Grammatik der russischen Sprache," "Deutsches und Badisches Verwaltungsrecht," strongly appealed to me, and I almost despaired at the thought of missing all but three or four dishes of this wonderful menu of several hundred. In such grasping and greedy spirits and quite revitalized and energized I reached and entered the Pension and my rooms. So buoyant indeed was my mood that my hopes of rendering these hideous rooms pleasant survived even the sight of them, and I immediately plunged with optimistic ardour into the first destructive stage involved in the process. You must know, my Taddeo, that I expect to entertain a kind of private Seminar selected from the cream of the official one in this study, and over a samovar or a French coffee machine (I have not decided which) to discuss the values and the ultimate laws of the universe, forgetting the toil and suffering of humanity without. This is what lends significance to the covers,

cushions and lampshades, the coffee set, fresh curtains and other devices I have acquired with infinite boredom, and with which I am trying to disguise the real nature of this room. And I have partly succeeded; the brown and yellow cretonne and the brown of the simple wallpaper, in which I induced Herr Rauscher of "Nouvel Art" tendencies to "widerstrebend" experiment, cover the individual pieces of furniture as with a "Tarnkappe," so that against the background they sink into a kind of oblivion. To this end too I have adopted the popular fashion of hanging carbon photographs of the Old Masters in postage stamp style and trust them to keep the visitor's eye too busily engaged in jumping about the wall to really see anything. Into this brown cloud I have introduced an occasional rift of blue, some delft china, some Chinese embroideries and so forth.

But to return from the scenery to the plot: My first days were not filled exclusively with shopping; I interviewed Rickert several times, and with him selected my minors. One of these is economics, of which I already know something; but try to guess, Taddeo, what the other, in whose choice I was guided by the

exigencies of the academic time table exclusively, has chanced to be? It is mediaeval history; can you think of anything more unsuited to my permanent mental and present temperamental states than mediaeval history? Indeed I became reconciled to it only after deciding to consider it under the head of a moral discipline. So now you may picture me twice a week, between two and three, in one of the unaired parterre court rooms, battling with impatience and sleepiness while taking down the sentences filled with mediaeval lore that fall at a furiously rapid pace from the lips of Professor Linke who is an unusually gentle, kindly, mild, tolerant and "sympatique" professor and hence quite ungerman in tone. There are about eighteen students in attendance, mostly catholic theological students. Professor Linke is of course a Catholic as well, and I count on this to make the course look up if we ever get to the Reformation, and I remain awake. Fuchs, whom I hear twice a week in "special" economics, is soporific too, and as he is slow and dry and conservative and none of the agreeable personal things Linke is, one cannot forgive him for nevertheless keeping one awake. . . . But Schulze-Gaevernitz is

fun. He has enormous classes owing to his subject and to his popularity, and is obliged to lecture at the Kaufhaus, your Kaufhaus on the Münsterplatz. It is pleasant to walk into the ancient house, to look out of the old leaded windows at the cathedral on a snowy morning, or on a blue one, or a grey one for that matter; it's even romantic for some reason which the lectures on mediaeval history have not yet revealed. And it is easy and pleasant to listen to Schulze, for he's clear, concise and entertaining, and he has magnetism and apparently makes the young students feel it, for they listen to him not only as students to their instructor but as men to a man. In fact that's it, that's what makes him magnetic, he isn't professional teacher at one moment and a man at another time, but he's both together all the time and he makes what he touches actual and personal. — And he's young and good-looking. I like him, I also like his pretty wife and his children who look like Romney portraits.

Now I come to the great and important news: Rickert has finally agreed to the subject of my dissertation, a criticism of James's foundation of his religious philosophy, therefore really a critique of his epistemology, psychology, ethics

and religion; of all the philosophy he has so far published. — You were right in predicting that I should have to struggle with his prejudices, — I did, but I won. Several interviews with readings of my translations of excerpts from those of James's doctrines most closely related to his own, and perhaps also my own enthusiasm for the work, converted him sufficiently to enable me to extract his unwilling consent, which fortunately is all that is absolutely essential at the present moment, although before the dissertation is written and presented it would be to my advantage to have thoroughly convinced Rickert of its being worth-while. So now I have plunged right in, and really I feel as tho' I were surrounded by a new element, — like fire in its warming, enlightening and consuming qualities, like water in refreshing and carrying and carrying-away power, and like air in its nourishing and stimulating character, and unlike all, in that it is my very own and quite unfree to others, — quite private. The consciousness that here I am fashioning something, however humble and insignificant, that no one else could possibly do, gives the work, while I am engaged on it, a nameless charm that completely satisfies my

creative impulse. I am therefore working hard, practically all evening and every evening.

So my time is well filled with twelve lectures a week, Seminar (for which I am writing the methodological paper), repetitorium in economics, and reading for these lectures, and the dissertation. The only time my thoughts have for travelling without a prescribed plan or direction or terminus, is during my solitary afternoon walk, when I travel around the ugly outskirts of the town, not caring or rather not daring to go on the deserted country roads; while they — my thoughts — traverse the beautiful world, for which Paris is as good a starting point as any.

If you do not send me a real letter instead of your stingy postals I shall be hurt; at least I may be hurt.

Your busy friend

HENRIE

DEAR TADDEO,

Since your last (horrid) letter I include the Palais Royal in my daily excursion; before that I was obliged to meet you in some unnamed and unclaimed spaces so indefinitely located that even the laws of gravitation had not found them, and where habitation was accordingly difficult and precarious. How wonderful to live in the Palais Royal! As I am not seeing your rooms I imagine them; I imagine them garbed in pale grey and gold boiserie, in faded taffeta hangings, with crystal lights and oval paintings of the 18th century, and everywhere books in old bindings.

Mine! Oh! And so far the only persons to animate them are the Pension people, English and American families for the most part, all of whom appear to be here either because someone else, some child or friend, is here, or by the application of the method of exclusion because somehow they are nowhere else. And time is plentiful for them and my study is dangerously near to halting and directionless footsteps.

At first, I admit, I liked their coming; they seemed sufficiently queer to be perplexing and sufficiently nice to be studiable and I regarded them as opportune and not distasteful prey for my psychological vampirism. I closely observed them in the casual manner of life, — I mean casual in the sense that whatever happened to turn up in or of them was what I observed, — and it led to glimpses of little connections here and there. I learned how they felt or thought they felt about various small but recurring matters, and became acquainted with their judgments on subjects of daily life, for instance with their opinion of the quality and degree of their clergyman's eloquence, of the comparative merits of the local cake-stores, of the deficiencies and advantages of our Pension and the amount of satisfaction to be derived from a perusal of the latest popular novelistic time and taste-killer. But on attempting to penetrate to the primal soil from which these flowers of thought sprouted, I seemed to strike rock bottom, on which flowers do not grow, or else soft and wobbly sand, likewise physically inadequate.

And if, substituting a more scientific procedure for these haphazard methods of observa-

tion, I venture outright to question them, I find that replies to questions entirely novel to the questioned one are apt to be highly coloured by the dramatic situation of making up one's mind instantaneously, of endeavouring to expand one's horizon enormously in five seconds, as it were, without misrepresenting oneself.

And yet all these people, these card-playing, church-going, embroidering people, who in moments of exuberance pick or buy flowers to express their mood — oh, Taddeo, I try to make fun of them and I do truly contemn them, I can't help it, but at the same time they impress me immensely, for they seem so contented, not perhaps with their individual fate, but with themselves and with the world in general. And they all seem to be in possession of so much certainty; they seem to marvel at nothing, and they have no faintest suspicion how insignificant and mechanical are embroidering and bridge and sermons. While I at times cannot even fully realize that such things actually exist; and the thought that they are voluntarily done by people who are real, upsets me so completely that I see in myself, all of a sudden, a ghost from a world of fancies, a ghoul feeding on dead matter. Yes, if women

can laugh and weep and beget and yet enjoy embroidering and bridge and celebrate the singing of their spirit with the contemplation of fifty pfennig's worth of whatever flowers happen to cost that much, — what a funny spectacle she offers, who spends her youth pushing life away until the questions of its meaning, and of goodness and truth, shall have received illumination from her own spirit.

And they sit in my chairs, the Mrs. Hales and the Misses Plunketts and the rest, and my chairs seem to be filled not with fellow-beings but with problems, baffling and insoluble ones, and they oppress me, and I wish these people were elsewhere. . . .

And I ask myself: Shall I ever resemble them, shall I ever, when the fire of enthusiasm is spent, and a brooding peace has settled in and about me and all things are subjectively equal one to the other in weight and in charm, and each exists only in relation to its own practical necessities and is bounded by its own useful moment, shall I, too, accept things as they come? — Shall I visit people because they live nearby, and read books because they are on the shelves, and buy things because the catalogue was sent to me, and eat things be-

cause they're put before me, and love people because they happen to love me? — Shall I become an accidental, casual, temporary, indifferent creature, resigned but comfortable? And if I am in no danger, why can I so vividly imagine it in feeling? —

And besides, I know that I am no genuine adventuress. . . . I have indeed my tremendous curiosities and they urge and lead me into new paths all the time, but the paths are new to me only; they are the wonderful spiritual and intellectual conquests of the ages. And I risk nothing in these chartered regions, for my mind is agile and is informed with curiosity rather than with purpose, and — it is travelling without my body. My body stops at home, quite patiently and submissively for the most part, like a timid wife waiting for her husband to return from exploration, in order to lead her forth in safety, without experimental mistakes. — So it is quite certain that I am no adventuress. . . . On the other hand, I think I may be a vagabond. Because on all trails and paths, in all countries and climes I am after all but an admiring stranger. The very notion of settling irrevocably in any spot and breathing permanently one kind of

air stifles and cramps me. — But perhaps this also will pass and I shall some horrible day be glad to identify myself, which means submerge myself, in and with some larger body and live and breathe through it, shaking off my individual responsibilities. But I don't think so: I so much enjoy being a vagrant vagabond, — it feels so completely like freedom. . . . And I so much enjoy trying to be a philosopher. . . .

Whenever I speculate on such things in relation to myself, I end by wondering how they look in relation to you, my obsessing friend, and what I most often vision in answer is yourself with a sphere of some translucent and rarified medium circumfused about you and like a nimbus moving with you and guarding you from all but spiritual influences. And I wonder how I ever got through to you. And so I wander and wonder on and on — "en vagabonde." And after all I have examinations to take next spring.

HENRIE

DEAR BROTHER TADDEO,

You are right to scold me. I deserve it, and yet I don't quite deserve it. For your poor sister is unjust, I think, because she's embittered by her own stupidity in having failed with these people whom she rejects, and because she feels and resents her failure and most of all because she doesn't understand it. For I don't know why I failed and I am asking myself all the time what the matter may be and where the fault lies. Why I do not understand people better and why I do not love them more; why I no longer get the feeling of enrichment and content in intercourse with them. I say "no longer," but I'm not sure that I ever did. In fact I now incline to believe that I never did, but simply deluded myself into believing that I really got in touch with other souls and that the touch was an embrace that fertilized and bore fruit. However this may be, I don't think so any more; there now seems to me to be something lacking in myself, and I don't know what it can be, for I truly believe

there is no one in the wide world (don't smile) who receives new acquaintance more hospitably and bestows on it more attention and more interest than your poor sister. I sometimes wonder what some person to whom I have spoken for half an hour would think if he knew that the girl he met and forgot lay awake at night thinking of him and trying, — yes, trying to almost be him, or her. Why — what for — I don't in the least know, but I do know that a second meeting makes it very evident that I haven't succeeded. Instead I get the feeling of facing a wall with all the choice things behind it, and I lose interest, and the well of sympathy dries up and leaves me thirsty and disheartened.

What is it, my Taddeo, my one perfect friend, my one perfect experience, what can it be that I expect of others with a palpitating heart and shining eyes? What awakens this directionless ardour of my spirit? When I ask this of myself I find no answer that will bear the form of language. For it cannot be that I thirst for the admiration and sympathy of my fellows, I who take pride in recognizing the greater beauty of spending, I who lavish attention boundlessly. . . .

But if it be not this crude and simple desire that animates me, yet it must be some kind of a passion for communion with the other's spirit, some vague expectation of enriching myself with its endowments and sharing in its treasures. Although I am not conscious thereof in feeling, it must be that my attitude is in the last analysis one of asking rather than of offering, for how could I otherwise come away from human encounters with the heavy sense of failure and emptiness. . . .

It must be, I think, that I approach my neighbour much as the literary critic approaches the great man he deals with, thinking to objectively weigh and sympathetically evaluate, to admire and to worship, while what he really does, and what we all do with the great one whom we know through his work, is to take from him what we can lay minds and hands on, and to use what we have taken to fill our empty spaces, to bolster up our weak spots. Thus we refresh ourselves in his joys and purify ourselves in his sorrow and formulate through him our own vaguer selves. But our duty towards him we consider generously performed if occasionally we mention those sides of his personality for which we have no use. I, too, must be suffering

from some such delusion, that's all. — And suddenly I remember that there was a time in my childhood when it was difficult for me to get away from myself, and that this self-consciousness vitiated my feeling, and that I was aware of it and uneasy about it and ashamed of it. But it led to self-analysis and I understood enough about myself before I had outgrown my childhood to realize that my ever playing and changing commotion of spirit needed steadying and deepening; and when I was old enough I recognized in the study of the most profound human thought the instrument for conforming that superficial but obsessing emotional self to the ideals of character supplied by my critical and evaluating self: stability in feeling, infinity in sympathy, eternity in love and sincerity in their expression. — And here I am back again in the doubts of my almost forgotten adolescence, wondering whether I have achieved any of these things, or whether self is still blocking the channels to other souls.

I do not know why I ask you, because you, my Taddeo, are the one exception; you are so living, so large, so complete a fact to me that your shadow obscures all idea of self, and you

came so suddenly into my heart that it had no time, perhaps, to consider the formalities attendant upon your reception. But I suppose I ask you because you know me better than anyone does and may be able to console me a little. Tell me that I am intelligent and sympathetic enough to find my brothers and sisters and our common world lovable and that I am not a silly girl who sees but herself in whatever she regards. Tell me that I am growing not only mentally but emotionally, and am not shrivelling into a condition of boredom and dégoût with everything but philosophy. Because I think I am. Tell me why I am so unhappy and suddenly feel so little at home in the world.

Oh, Taddeo, my friend, it is good for me that you exist.

H.

YOU said all those sweet and almost wise things to comfort me, you dear one. But they are not true, least of all for you. When you think of others, you think of them and not of yourself along with them, and when you love, you love the object of your love and not your own act of loving. —

But to me it at least seems to be true that myself is the final objective of all that goes from me, and of course since my recent rediscovery of this hidden vice, I have diligently sought for exonerating explanations. And there is one that flashes through my consciousness like an ignis fatuus and is gone before it can be grasped, and yet it gives me a sense of being the real one and of intending one day to linger long enough to enlighten me! For the interval I have excogitated a temporary general theory, and as Socrates is not available to whose attention and correction you would surely recommend it, I submit it to yours, wisest of youths.

"If it be true that I never think, never speak, never dream, never imagine anything not

connected with myself, if, with whomever I communicate, I myself am at one end, if, whatever I sense or feel I immediately compare with myself or use for myself, if, in a word, I am omnipresent, why is it? Is it because I admire myself so continually? No. Do I love myself so constantly? No. Am I of such tremendous consequence in my own eyes? No. Simply it's because, poor creature, I am the only one I know at first hand. I simply have nothing else with which to work; such as I am, I am my only tool: wedge and borer, violin and voice all in one. Through my poor body, senses and intelligence, the infinity of the greater world of which I thus am the part and the whole must enter. Does it not dignify this little personality to be the medium between my spirit and the universe, and does it not render it worthy of the study, the care and the love I lavish on it? — What its limitations are I have not yet discovered, for I am very young, and the world is still pouring through me with a mighty rush and din; — but sometimes when this music of growth is swallowed up in the silences of night and of inactivity, I turn my eyes inward and seem to shrink and shrink." . . .

At present, however, I am hopefully facing my work and it is progressing properly. I am now working up the German phases of my dissertation; I mean I am reading up the German literature bearing on my subject. The English, which is in the majority, I have fortunately done, otherwise I should be in trouble, for the library here is almost devoid of modern English and American works. At the same time the essay is slowly taking form and it is wonderful to watch it grow and become a thing-by-itself, and yet to know that it is all myself and my doing. But fortunately I do not think of this interestingly contradictory situation while I am at work, or I should probably stop to wonder at it, and there would end my book. And I do feel as if I were getting at the heart of things, occupied as I am in the exposition and the critical appraisement of a quite modern doctrine of the nature of truth and its relation to action and to action's standard, goodness. Intellect and Will, Head and Heart, Is and Ought, these terms seem indeed to express the fundamental problem whose solution will clear up that of the relation of Thought and Reality as well. And though at present I am but at the stage of comparative

study and of formulation, the critical part is completely outlined in my head.

There is frost in the air of Freiburg and snow-flurries are frequent and the days have shrunk to their smallest size. The early darkness helps to shut out the sensible world of colour and form, so that all the forces of consciousness can concentrate on the inner thought. The busy summer-morning world flooded with sunlight, and the hushed world of the summer night flooded with moonlight, in which you and I were friends in the flesh, are dreamy memories growing vaguer all the time. Instead, I hold you a friend in the spirit for my comfort and pleasure, and Taddeo, — it seems very wonderful and sometimes too beautiful to be true that you should be so completely my friend. For though I know that there is something about me that makes you feel that I belong to you, as there is something about you, of which I feel the possession, I can't really imagine how you or anyone can be humanly drawn to me, because to myself I seem to be nothing more than a tendency, a becoming, a striving. I know that a part of me is constantly stopping altogether to watch the rest go on; to an outsider I must appear an unattractive mass of

prohibitions and uncertainties, and even to myself I have no aesthetic charm. Nothing that is not a self-inclusive unity can have any. Some day, perhaps, when I shall have become a personality. —

Yet you, my Taddeo, can it be, — it just occurs to me and how pleasurably, that, possibly, from a vantage-point and at a distance, even a disjointed and disharmonious thing may present itself as some sort of whole; — can it be that you see me in a larger, in a connected, way, as one sees a curved road from a mountain top? Can you thus see my progressive stops and flights together? And can you thus have received a presage of my future personality? Dear Taddeo, dear friend, how grateful I am to you for being drawn to me, it gives me the delicious illusion of having already arrived somewhere.

Your
HENRIE

P.S.

I have had a real party, — at which Professor Schulze-Gaevernitz and Gönner, Weiss, Schulze, and Gruntze discussed real things over the coffee cups just as I forewished. I did enjoy the afternoon, especially in that it blotted out the previous Plunketty ones.

MY DEAR TADDEO,

I know I didn't write you about our carnival and it is certain that we had one. I meant to do so once or twice, but when I tried to fix my impressions they ran through my fingers and out of the pen point and away. After all, you see a carnival's essence is its froth and bubble, and the charm of it lies in the fact that because of its ephemeral nature it must be taken immediately without being turned over in the mind. And what can't bear inspection before consumption surely can't bear it after.

The best I can do for you is to sketch the bare outlines of what I saw, leaving myself out, because really it all meant nothing to me and amused and refreshed me just because it was a detached and meaningless episode.— So for your sake I quaff the stale draughts with closed eyes.

On the day of the procession along the streets some English ladies and myself went to my milliner who has showrooms on the first floor of a house on the Kaiserstrasse, possessing a

large balcony. The sun was shining through big dramatic white clouds, it wasn't too cold, and the street was bustling with life. Its centre was filled with slowly moving floats and carriages full of costumed and masked people and alongside of them crowds were walking and running and throwing confetti. The most popular disguises were Pierrots and Pierrettes, peasants, Mexicans, Indians, Spaniards and weirdly successful monkeys. Everyone was having a good time with everyone else, the confetti fights were fast and furious though well-mannered, and over it all floated a lot of confused music of various kinds, mingled with shouts and cries and laughter. The sidewalks were black with participating onlookers and so were the windows of the houses; and there was a little snow left on their ledges on the north side of the street, and there were bright draperies suspended from them, and it all looked clear and shining and intimate and immensely gay and entertaining like a child's picture book.

As we stood on the balcony, watching, we noticed that all at once the crowd below ceased to flow, like a river that has suddenly been dammed, and multitudes of faces turned

toward our house and confetti was flung at it and music blown toward it. We asked ourselves what in the world could have happened and tried to peer down, when suddenly a head appeared over our balcony and we jumped back in amazement, and then shoulders followed and a masked Pierrot climbed over and removed a bunch of flowers from his mouth and laid it at my feet. Mrs. Sullivan immediately discovered that blood was trickling from his temple and she almost wept over the wound and the romance, and insisted on taking him into the hat shop to minister to him, the hero who had braved the perils of a perpendicular wall to the plaudits of the public, and been foully attacked by confetti "en voyage." Three or four matrons bustled about with cold water applications for his scratch, and the Pierrot, whose mask had been removed and who was a pretty boy, — one of the Baltic set, — sprawled grinning with satisfaction on the black and white striped sofa amid hats and pink boxes, while I stood at a distance with his flowers in my hand watching these foolish proceedings. While this was still going on three of his crowd, Pierrots likewise, came up (by the stairs, they), and presented me with their

bouquets, and as they wore masks it was quite according to etiquette for us to converse. But rather than repeat to you or to anyone or even to myself the nonsense we exchanged I would let myself be hanged and quartered. . . . After a while the hero was out of danger and once again masked and I thanked him for his entertaining performance, and all of them danced off to other adventures, and we returned to our balcony. That same evening they attempted to serenade me from the street and I sent a request out to them to desist on account of the boarding house and the guests and the public spectacle and because I didn't want it done, and they gracefully acquiesced and so it ended in a few moments. But they looked pretty in the light of the street-lamp, slim and chalky-white Pierrots twanging their mandolins under a huge black umbrella and, all around, the coarse snowflakes falling heavily. For a moment one forgot that they were but self-satisfied youths out on a tame adventure, light hearted because making believe, and one remembered the real Pierrot who was said to have playfully faced tragedy until it did him to death.

Furthermore, inquiring friend, there was a masked ball the next night to which all Frei-

burg went — from the Dean of the University and the head of the regiment to Marie and Johan's colleagues (so I should imagine, but I can't be sure). I do know that Herr Rauscher (the man who keeps this Pension, you remember) served us with beefsteak and potatoes at supper, wearing his usual beard, and at the ball appeared in a shaved condition in order to have his bit of fun with his lady guests. If this be not delightfully naive simplicity of humour, what then is, oh Parisian friend who interrogate me on the carnival in Freiburg.

At the ball I realized for a few hours how many potential characters I owned, and on the whole, I really think the one you know, Taddeo, is as good as any and you need not feel that you have missed much in missing the others. Should you think so nevertheless, I may some day be induced to let them all out of their cages to entertain so appreciative a spectator as you, and it need not necessarily be carnival time, you know, nor need we wear disguises. . . . On the other hand it may be that by that time, having contributed their several shares to the final resulting character, they all may have faded away and died like exhausted slaves did after carrying their stones to the pyramids.

And lest you some day reproach me for having withheld from you similarly important information concerning a man who comes here a good deal just at present, and whom one might not inaptly describe as the personified spirit of the carnival, I herewith introduce him to you. His name is Baron Clément Beckover, and as he has an American mother he is peculiarly well qualified to help me with my dissertation in a linguistic sense. His business is to charm out of it the English twists and turns that lie coiled in it here and there. And he considers himself quite an accomplished charmer, which is not unreasonable considering that he is good-looking, musical, travelled, well-informed and, alas, humorous. So horribly, so persistently, so cynically, so indiscriminately and so genuinely humorous, that he is without the power of taking anything seriously, and whatever he touches shrivels into triviality. Yes, his humour acts exactly like Amfortas' spear in the Venusberg garden. (This latter sounds like a beer-restaurant doesn't it; also the effect of his humour.) It is too bad for him, because it must draw life to a monotonous flat level; but for me it is a tonic. When we are not working, I sit and laugh with

him and forget my real self I am so anxious about, and my real world I take so seriously, — temporarily transformed into a two-dimensional being in an environment of stage scenery, all front and no depth. Here we play, until satiated but refreshed I return to my three-dimensional reality, leaving him behind in his two-dimensional world, perfectly satisfied, poor soul, for he has forgotten that there is any other, supposing he ever knew it.

So much for the carnival.

As for your other inquiry, yes, of course I am happy. I am happy because I am learning, learning wonderful things every day and every hour! Why, the knowledge alone of what there is to know and that one knows next to nothing is marvellous, and after every new discovery of some new ignorance of mine, I feel like a goddess! Can I say more?

Well, yes, very occasionally I am discouraged. . . . I do sometimes feel that we are being kept in ignorance as children are by their nurses, and that whereas they grow up and out of the tutelage of stupid tyrannical authority, we cannot escape from nature, for if she be stupid and tyrannical the dreadful consequence is that we are the same, being one with her.

How she comes to become conscious of herself in us, one of her forms, is indeed a logical mystery. When I strike upon this hard and impenetrable stuff in thought I feel my mind crumbling, and a dreadful weakness creeping down from it through my whole body and being, and nothing any longer seems worth while. My very desire for knowledge falls to dust and for a moment I admit that if the will to live consisted in the will to know it would be permanently paralyzed. For a moment I feel the potency of other instincts, and incline to believe that nature has indeed favored them in having granted to them satisfactions which she has denied to our curiosity. And I then understand why most men feel more alive when living the life of the senses and the emotions: because in such life they realize and bring to some completion the process they initiate. . . .

But I also see, as they do not, that in satisfaction and in completion they in the end deal destruction and death to their instincts, whereas in the life of the intellect there is at the very least unceasing flow of life toward the unattainable. And I comprehend that the unattainable has value and charm precisely because it is the never drying source of desire, because

it fascinates, because it goads on, because it removes all limits from the imagination, because, in a word, it eternally engenders life. And I conclude that without a doubt I should prefer the intellect for a false mistress to the emotions for an indulgent wife. — But nevertheless, oh Taddeo, how wonderful it would be if we could escape from the prison of our human limitations and could get below or above or beyond the confines of our special kind of being, — of life, — and instead of blindly accepting or refusing it, see it as it is; — if we could but taste the flavour of perfect knowledge and divine ourselves in relation to that otherness for which we cannot make words, and thereby see revealed the meaning of all we suffer! What high adventurers, what gods we should be!

But being blind except for two human eyes, we are indeed forced to accept what we see with them. And therefore life itself must be our fundamental; no, not life, but human life, our kind of life, which is the condition of our experience of other lives. And it appears to me as nothing short of miraculous that we should have such a wealth of life to study, and this qualitative infinity seems no more mirac-

ulous than the extraordinary and bewildering fact that this diversity of form stands before our intellect ready made, as it were, to be comprehended and utilized by the intellect in the interest of that same life that has so wonderfully gotten on without the intellect for a long space of time, and has then suddenly at a certain time given birth to it. That so much that is understandable as well as so much that is un-understandable has been "given" to us, this is the real and encouraging miracle, and I believe it is you who first revealed it to me, my Taddeo.

And trying to deflower a miracle of its mystery is fun; — and I am at present in the happy mood of finding even the flinging of mere guesses good sport, for if one pays close attention one can feel the spirit give a little and stretch a little every time a guess is flung, even if it hit nothing. So that I even wonder whether I am not beginning to value for its own sake the exhilaration occasioned by the gymnastics of the spirit! But I hope not. —

Yes, I think I'm happy.

HENRIE

YOU seem silently to accuse me of indifference to your book, you foolish boy. Yet you must know that I am not indifferent to anything at all that touches you; you must simply desire through some mystifying whim to hear me say so, you noumenon you, you static sculptural being (I am calling you names), you complete and perfect sphere that holds a certain quantity, myself among other things thank Heavens, and no more, and off whose curves all else slides! — Fortunate soul, you indeed may be indifferent to things because thus you either comprehend them or you don't comprehend them. Not I. Not to anything, much less to you, my delight, my beautiful flower (I am calling you names), my fragrant and honey-laden flower, who without greater effort than turning your face to the sun are nourished by it to beauty and fragrance. While I, feeling like an untamed dynamic force, must eagerly and excitedly and for some misty purpose flutter ceaselessly about, poor little butterfly, tasting honey here and tasting honey

there, while destiny may be preparing — who knows — to give to me repose or death in the heart of some beautiful, some fragrant, some honey-laden flower. . . .

Indeed I expect great things of your book, I even expect it to clear up for me the subject of art, which impresses me as the remotest, most intangible and tenuous of all material for thought. Philosophers seem not to have been able to fashion new concepts into which to catch it; their sympathy is perhaps too feeble or their habits of thought too fixed; while artists who deal with the theory of their practice appear not to have any habits of thought. Indeed whenever these latter use the word "truth" — and they have a passion for it — they transfix my brain with it, as they used to transfix good-looking St. Sebastian's body with arrows, and I'm sure I make the same kind of a face with all those stabbing little words piercing me. For here "nous autres" have for thousands of years been seeking to clarify the concept "truth," and here they take it up and sling it about like common glue to make their disconnected notions stick together. Let them explain themselves and their intentions if they find it necessary, but when they propound

general theories of artistic truth and beauty and expression, make them at least read some dictionary for a definition of their terms. And though literary, musical and dramatic artists have to please great numbers of the general public while "fine" artists need please but a few persons, no one being able to sell a picture to more than one buyer, it is the latter who most insistently inform us of how to think of them, in interviews and in essays full of the word "truth." . . . Give them our permission to paint and to sculpt in any fashion they like, and if not totally expressed thereby, to dance, to compose, to sing and to write in addition, but forbid them to use the word "truth" with the simplicity with which they use "blue" and "red." Tell them that simplicity of mind may be in place in self-expression called artistic, but not in that called intellectual or scientific. Tell them we too, the scientists and philosophers, are expressing ourselves in thought, and that it is to the class we aspire to, which has struggled with the difficulties of thought since the brute age of man, that they owe the thrice refined concepts with which they so ingenuously play, such as "truth." Tell them that every time they bandy and throw about this little word

they torture it, they torment and agonize its immense soul, accustomed as it is to dwelling in high places, in the minds of Aristotles, of Brunos, of Galileos, Spinozas and thousands of others who dedicated their lives to truth's service.

And tell *me* what the relation between art and beauty may be; whether the aesthetic thrill with which we respond to a work of art is the same in kind as the one with which we respond to natural beauty, or whether beauty is but one of art's parents, or even nothing more than an attribute that art may have in the same fortuitous sense in which nature may possess it. I myself am inclined to the latter theory: that beauty is an objective condition by which we account for a certain feeling we receive whether from natural or from artistic objects and that it has no other necessary connection with art. I should indeed go so far as to say that artists are rather less susceptible to beauty than non-creative persons; for what they are chiefly interested in is their vision and its expression. The thrill you derive from sharing the vision of another is not I think the thrill that accompanies the entrance of the beauty of a landscape or of a person into your spirit; this latter is more akin to love with its promise

of blissful absorption; the former to possession with its exciting enlargements. And from the very fact that man is the author of it, it becomes tinged with an intellectual admiration determined by a certain amount of critical perception of its purpose and its technique.

In fact I am wildly curious about your book, and palpitatingly interested, and all the more so because I find it remarkable that you should be able to write it, and indicative of an interesting dissimilarity between our temperaments and outlooks. I know you will want to deny this, so I shall prove it to you, you false brother!

Listen then: It is I, the woman, who am the intellectually orientated of us two. For you are content to rest in your confidence in the value of art, as anarchistic Weiss rests in his unquestioned conviction of certain moral ideals of his own, — while I am the sceptic taking for granted nothing but the value of truth, that is, of the clearness of the inquiring processes of thought, expecting from these final judgments on the value of my inclinations, beliefs and ideals. And by value I mean capacity for furtherance of life. If you should object that this last formulation implies a second unproved assumption, I admit that

certainly it claims life itself to be the ultimate good. But this is a far less "practical" and more "voraussetzungslos" standpoint than yours or Weiss's, who take for granted, as special values, art and unrestraint, which already comprehend the general values, life and thought, as logical presuppositions.

In this sense you are indeed the male mechanical temperaments; but you must now see how incorrect is the appellation "theoretic," which is eulogistically conferred on you in distinction to that of "practical," reserved for my sex. For you, once holding an ideal which you accept without question as absolute, be it art or social construction of a special kind, or the research of problems created by the acceptance of such ideals, — you then contract yourselves into instruments subservient to these ends, and become mechanical, objective and practical to that extent. While we, to whom life in its most quantitative and simple form is the ultimate value, are ever theorizing, ever trying to find out, to think and rethink and readjust the possible means to its furtherance. So much so, that we believe that instincts, intuitions, desires and impulsions must all be examined as to their relation to life: as to

whether they are real conditions of the desire and the strength for life, or illusory ones that in the end sterilize and destroy it.

Life then is valuable in and of itself, we say, and truth, goodness and beauty derive their several values, if they have any, from life-furtherance. But life, even in its most formal sense, unless it become a mere abstraction in our heads, is always particular, concrete and qualitative, and in each of its manifestations it is diverse and has its own conditions of existence. Wherefore the conditions of increase or growth are infinite, and the task of finding out what they are is likewise a progressive and infinite one and implies constant rearrangement and reconstruction and correction and discovery. So that people who want to find this out are indeed theoreticians; experimental thinkers in the most accurate sense. Unless, indeed, they too specialize on some one phase of life and making a fetish of this, lose their interest in life's great stream, and sojourn in their little pool where they become practical instruments for its exploitation.

You have the greater simplification to your credit and for your ease: art is valuable, human life is its necessary condition, hence

life is valuable. Progress demands an equilibrium between the two: art shall therefore be cultivated only up to the point of endangering life in its most quantitative sense. — Substitute science or goodness or religion and you get an apparently workable plan.

But how can you rest content with your arbitrary estimation of art; hardly an estimation because you really apply no standards, but only dogmatize, saying: art is a value, and meaning (because *ex definitio* you can't mean art is life-furthering) art *ought* to be cultivated. Your weakness is manifest, because whys, wherefores, on what grounds, who says sos crop up and fall over you. Whereas I need but to take frankly anthropomorphic ground, saying: life is the condition of all human activity, sensibility and feeling; whoever wants to think, to feel, to do, to condemn, acclaim, affirm or negate, must necessarily accept life.

I remember being much impressed by the analysis of a lecturer on the relation of science and morality. He made the point that a scientist could not consistently place himself beyond the pale of morals, because the recipe by which a man is converted into a scientist includes honesty, accuracy, patience, self-criti-

cism, modesty and many other conventional virtues, wherefore he who values science and its pursuit must value these qualities. So he said. I however find this necessity to be only partially compelling in such a case, for if these virtues be accepted because of instrumental importance only, they might in other cases when not leading to an end desirable in itself logically be rejected. The man whose ultimate value is science cannot even examine such a question; there is no approach to it from his sphere. Unless, indeed, he should go so far as to claim that all that furthers science is absolutely valuable, — honesty and patience, for instance, — even in cases when their exercise sacrifices life. And then he is in the untenable position of sacrificing the very condition of science, life namely, to science.

The trouble lies, it seems to me, in our over-simplification of the complex and ever changing world and here I am in accord with pragmatic viewpoints. Life appears to me so varied that it becomes dangerous to abstract its similarities to the extent that formal ethics does. The tools for the furtherance of life in one situation fail to work successfully in another, and the infinite task of philosophy is to inquire into

their relations to one another, and to estimate as closely as the shifting and increase of life permits, the degree and kind of their utility. The very fact that we are beings with a definite past, heredity and character, should, I think, give pause to those who dream of the power to transcend the factual and the historical, and get into the regions of pure deduction and determination of values, and then proceed to new constructions. The anarchist who thinks to begin anew by sweeping aside all the works of man, thus breaking with the trammels and impurities of tradition, ignores but cannot escape the fact that man himself is a survival, a descendant, a tradition, a character, in exactly the same sense in which he is a new individual determining the future: namely vitally, actually, in fact.

Life is saturated through and through with values everyone of which has a relative legitimacy or had one at some time. The thing to find out is what their relative measure is, to discover which of them, Medusa-like, petrify and carry death to him who looks on them. This is the task of the philosopher, you aesthetician, you scientist, you specialist, you dear! — Goodnight —

HENRIE

OF course I do see, my Taddeo, that you have been able to take art for granted, for the reason that you are well endowed for it and your intuitive grasp has brought you into immediate relations with it. Whereas my own approach to philosophy was mediate and led through painful personal experiences, through the discovery of my deficiencies, disharmonies and enslavements. You have never wished to believe this and I haven't taken pains to persuade you, thinking that the final end which we shared was so much more important than motives and causes lying in a dead past.

But recently that past has continually been arising and surging clamorously against the threshold of attention, so that it cannot be denied admission. And so for your conversion I extract one of my former, young, selves who, though she had vanished from my organism and even from my memory years ago, has now managed, through having squeezed herself into a diary, to re-clothe herself in reality and make me understand her position in my evolving

history. I recommend her to your sympathy with the sense of entrusting to you the confidences of a child who almost made a mistake in addressing them to me and who is better off in your hands, my Taddeo. — I leave the English, which had had but one year's growth on its native soil, untrimmed. —

Sunday Eve.
Dec. 28th.

OVER a month has passed since I have written last; I ought to have much to say, but I haven't. I shall not write all my everyday experiences as in the last book. No, I shall try to give expression to my thoughts. My thoughts! I'm afraid I shall not get further than to the second page, in that case. Yes! I have come to the conclusion that I think very, very seldom, that when I do so my thoughts are not such as they ought to be. I have very many doubts. Very many! I think I want to be good and noble, to form my character. And when I think why I want to be, I find it is more ambition than anything else. And what is ambition but something more than vanity. Just now I looked to see whether the page was almost finished. I didn't mean to, but I couldn't

help myself. That is very discouraging indeed. Then how must I be to be noble and at the same time intelligent. My expressions are very clumsy but I think in later life at any time I will know their meaning. When I am silly or angry or anything else I ought not to be, my excuse is, I am natural. When I am otherwise I feel that I am not natural, that I am more or less playing the hypocrite. When I look upon anything in a different way than I usually do I feel the hypocrite, and I fear others think I am. — Still it is not. Now that all my life I have been as I have been, I have not power nor right I think to try to make a change. The truth is I get all mixed up. Sometimes I think it is best to be natural. Then again I think, I would like to be better than I am when I am natural. Then comes the question why? Is it for my own sake, or is it to be liked and admired by others?

I suppose I must wait patiently for the time to come when my ideas become more clear and settled, perhaps then I will be able to tell right from wrong. Christmas has passed, how different from Christmas of other years. . . . I almost feel like talking of the "happy days of my childhood"! And, still, perhaps I ought

to be happy because now S. is with her relatives and how much she has gone through, and I am complaining about a trifle! I fear this is only a sentiment of a moment and will not influence; and I fear it is not quite natural. I don't know! It is one of my doubts! . . . I have tried to make friends at school. I got up a French class. We have given it up for some time, but expect to commence after the holidays. I see it is impossible to make friends. I like the girls; I have fun with some, talk earnestly with others, but I can't be their friends. I like A. S. best. She is in her character far my superior. She is earnest and as true as any girl I ever knew. I might confide fully in her and trust her as myself — better I'm afraid — but then comes the time I want some fun and I feel out of place. If I am earnest all the time, I feel the hypocrite. It is too bad.

If I am with a lively and not very deep girl, after having a great deal of fun, laughing and talking a good deal, I see how silly it is, I feel ashamed, I can't go on that way because I don't think it's right. Then I don't know, I doubt. . . .

If at any time in later days I read this, and I feel inclined to laugh, I hope I will suppress

it, for tho' it may seem ridiculous and silly, it is now written and meant earnestly, very earnestly indeed. Goodnight. —"

March 30.

Half a year has passed and I take up the pen to write once more. I looked over the last few pages and think I have made some progress in distinguishing right from wrong.

I have a friend, at least I would like to call her friend, who, I think, will have very much influence over me. She is a lovely girl, so good, perhaps too good for me. . . . I am too harsh in criticizing people, but I think I can correct that in me. But my temper, no not temper, but bad humour, impatience, *that* I don't think I can correct. It will take something more to correct and change that. I often resolve to commence and be better, but then something will come that I don't like and it will be very hard to keep my — what? I don't know. My good humour I suppose. Sometimes I quite forget about my resolution too. Sometimes I think I will always say what I think, it is a good way to form opinions, but I would only be laughed at or called silly or affected or something.

But I only think such things sometimes. My nature is far from earnest or even serious. I generally behave very sillily and childish. I shall try to reform but it isn't easy. Noone will believe me. But I will. When I say all this, I don't mean I want to be a goody-goody, always making an earnest face. For I love to have good times and fun. But I want to be better and nobler and not mean or narrow minded. To tell the truth I don't exactly know myself what I want to be. As some philosopher says: Know thyself. I think it a very wise saying. I certainly think I don't know myself. But I don't think my thoughts are of enough importance to write so much about. I'm getting sick of it."

Oct.

ANOTHER six months has passed over my head and has made it six months wiser.

What a peculiar thing it is to become wiser. How thoughts, that is true thoughts, fall upon you like little surprises, and enlighten your dull mind. (Not that I think I have an especially dull mind.) But human mind in general I think has been made of very tough material; scarcely any are capable of doing

the noble and beautiful and few can appreciate it as it should be appreciated, from the fact of its rareness here on earth. Take nature, how few think of it excepting perhaps in a passing moment, how few consider how pure, how beautiful, how grand, how elavating (sic) it is; it stimulates man to his best thoughts, highest ideals and I think that probably every action and idea approaching the divine can trace its origin to some emotion occasioned by nature. It seems at times incredible to me that man was chosen for the master of all creation, man with his vices almost always outweighing his virtues, man over the pure, the unconscious, the innocent. To what end, what purpose! Surely not just for the sake of existence, of satisfying necessary and selfish desires, for what else is it? Surely the advancement of the world is not to make it more comfortable for man!

But how ridiculous for me to advance any ideas on this well-beaten and well-used track of human mind and intelligence, which is so interminable, so full of difficulties, that although the beginning be trodden over and over again, beyond noone has dared to put a foot on the rickety ground. As I am writing this, in my mind I see a picture: It is a great river, noone

knows its source nor even its end; it flows between heaven and earth, between the visible and the invisible, between realism and idealism. It separates that which we can understand from that which soars high above our mental vision, it separates that which can be proved by facts, from that which can be proved only by abstracts, and what are these but the source of facts? On its one shore stand crowds, most not seeming to be conscious of the river, others once in a great while casting a look at it, some idly gazing over it, trying to imagine the opposite shore, for see they cannot as it is always hidden by the clouds and misty hazes, but still these very clouds seem to have a subtle fascination for the idlers on the bank who are seemingly waiting for the clouds to break open and reveal the object of their glances and thoughts. Still, these very men know best of all that for centuries and centuries these clouds have been there and have not moved one atom, and by their strength only will be forced from their place. Perhaps it is man's destiny to conquer also this element as he has conquered all the others? No doubt it is, and time will reveal the mystery.

Then there are a very few who are not con-

tent to stand idly dreaming, a few who try to hasten the revelation. They throw themselves into the river, they manage to keep above a little if skillful and brave swimmers, but after a little even the most courageous give up. Over them rush the waters of reason, of impossibilities and logic, sometimes amid the mockeries and laughter of those too cowardly or too cautious to attempt the same; sometimes amid the cheers of a people realizing that one of them perished in a noble cause.

I should like to continue but I must study.

No, I have 10 minutes more. My ideal life would be to write! I can imagine noone happier than a young author whose merits are acknowledged, who has attained a name through his own brain! I am going to attempt it! If I am deceived in myself, I suppose I will settle down and go husband hunting according to the generally adopted plan.

But I don't think I shall try for some time to write at all for I have read far too little as yet. Most likely I shall fail like so many others much more talented but still I shall find satisfaction in knowing that I attempted to make use of my life. But it must be understood that if I find I have no talent or ability

I certainly shall not make any attempts at authorship. But I hope and trust I will not be disappointed in myself for that I think must be dreadful! I hate to think of it! To imagine you have a talent or a superior brain or something and to find out you're good for nothing especial, perfectly commonplace, and had better retire from the contest with blasted hopes! Let us pray that it won't be my fate. —

Mother bought me a lovely hat; a large black mushroom shape, I would look much nicer in it if I could still wear curls; my braid is most unsympathetic to me."

EVEN then, as you perceive, I had vague intimations of philosophy, though I knew her not, and I realized that I needed some equipment in addition to the talent to which my desire for fame as I thought, testified, although I do not seem to have considered anything more than courage, application and time necessary for clearing up the mysteries of the universe.

I worked hard at school in order to make an early entrance into college, and I entered with tremendous elation whose source was a short and crowded year's acquaintance with

Caesar, Cicero, Horace and Homer, one from which, as you may imagine, the novelty and charm had no time to wear off. I can best describe my feelings during these first years (adhering to my youthful literary tradition) by comparing myself to one who, looking abroad on a dark and fog-enclosed night, and finding in himself alone a centre of life and interest, suddenly sees the fog lift, the clouds disperse and the starry heavens magnificently arch above, spatially finite only because of his own feeble eyes and materially finite because of his feeble brain. As Copernicus' discoveries in regard to the heavenly bodies are said to have removed man from the centre of the universe to its periphery, so my discoveries of the splendour of the human tradition and the infinite vastness of its future possibilities removed myself from the centre of my interest to its periphery.

When in my third year I fell in with philosophy the sun of my heaven thereby arose; all other stars and systems of learning, — history and literature and science, — were eclipsed, and my universe was of a sudden lighted, warmed and fecundated. I remember that I now read the former heroes of the show,

Matthew Arnold, Carlyle, Ruskin and so forth with constant mental commentaries: "how do you know this," and "define your terms." And not only these dead geniuses but most of the ungenial living acquaintances as well, since they too neither defined terms nor refrained from continual dogmatic statements, appeared to me intolerably unphilosophic and hence unprofitable. I listened with boredom to these individuals who, basing their conclusions on their limited private stock of knowledge, did not trouble to connect with the tradition of the race (so I judged them), and I read with indifference the poets who, basing on nothing more than their impressionistically limited feelings regarding their worlds, visioned out of the "blue" (so I judged *them*). Instead I worshipped humbly, ardently and exclusively at the shrine of the lover of wisdom, — of him, who, considering all fact and all method and all thought, laboriously built up a system embodying in terms of reason a vision of truth unbiassed by desire, mood or utility. I think that I put up with the study of art because it constituted the material with which aesthetics deals, with history and economics because of their usefulness to ethics and with poetry and

fiction for the sake of their latent psychology. Certainly I felt toward them as does a snob toward poor relations.

The social world, which people called "life," all that went on about me — domestic and national affairs, births, marriages, crimes, panics, strikes and wars — were but shadows of some substance which philosophy alone had power to reveal in true colours. Indeed, I believe that the only event of an unphilosophic nature that impressed me as fully and heavily real was death. For whereas it seemed to me that life in all its phases might be controlled and corrected subsequently, not so death, which, I realized, had a hard irrevocability and finality into which philosophy had failed to insert its meanings. Death stood out in my experience as a disquieting and grim hint of the existence of a reality independent of philosophic insight. . . .

As I now look back, I see that I lived through these years as most girls do. I got a general education, I shared the home life, I formed numerous friendships and became acquainted with the pastimes of sport, dancing and flirting. Together with a friend I edited a paper at a settlement-house for which I wrote foolish

grown-up editorials, and at college I edited the monthly magazine to which I contributed literary productions demanded by the college-curriculum!

All these deeds I performed with an abnormally large accompaniment of emotional excitement (so I think at least). Nothing, I know, ran smoothly. My friendships were broken or consolidated with tears and heartache; my studies pursued in the varying moods of the elation of success and the annoyance of rivalry and the depression of defeat; my editorships were bathed in the disquieting atmosphere of ambition to shine coupled with the timidities of inexperience and ignorance; all my so-called social distractions were not so much the distractions they were intended for, as additional excitements.

And yet somehow, and in spite of all this, these phases of life in their entirety seemed to me not to "count." . . . Yes, that was it: as children, when playing, often multiply unsatisfactory starts indefinitely without counting them, so I went through all the seething emotions of daily life with the ever present feeling that they should not count and did not count. An odd, but a vaguely comforting feeling: for

it was thus possible with a contracted heart and with tears of anger or indignation in one's eyes still to think "this doesn't count"; or with a sweet flood of satisfied vanity coursing through one's being and the light of success in one's eyes, still to think "this doesn't count either."

I suppose that had I fashioned my thoughts into a picture I should have seen myself being pushed by the current of life into all the conventional whirlpools and eddies of situation and emotion, looking confidently to philosophy to help me to strike out for myself in the near future and liberate myself once for all time. And my eyes in the midst of the absorption of doing and suffering were constantly turned to that future.

Then I came here. From the beginning something was changed. The things and happenings of daily life which before had enjoyed so very fleeting an existence that I was able to completely disconnect from them that future in which conscious judgment was to reform me, now began to hold me fast and absorb me without reservation, so that the sense of "it doesn't count" got no opportunity to arise. The contemplation of beauty, the

charm of a fellow-being, or of a mood or a thought, from which before I had hurriedly freed myself, now sucked me in, and I often lost all sense of time and of self in impersonal enjoyment. . . . But if I no longer heard the accompanying voice "it doesn't count," neither did I hear any explanatory voice telling me why it did count. I quite simply "enjoyed" my conflicting states of mind and mood, and I subsequently wondered at them without comprehension, so that there still existed a gap between the hourly detailed life I suffered and the future life of the reason I hoped for. But whereas before this the former had been subordinated to the latter, the two were now equally real, though disconnected.

After I knew you, Taddeo, the thing that happened was, I think, this: My eyes returned from the future to the present, and this present grew immensely in both directions and ended by embracing both the past and the future. The past which had not counted was reinstated by the importance and satisfactoriness of the present and the future fell from its enthroned estate by a sort of sudden conversion into a dependent of the present. — You are acquainted with the novelist's convention of making his

heroine look into her mirror on the evening of the day in which she has been fallen in love with. Immersed in the contemplation of the charms that seduced her lover, she begins to see herself through his beautifying eyes, and in the end herself falls a little in love with the object of his love. . . .

After you were my wonderful friend I fell into this introspective attitude habitually and my memory was my mirror. I dragged forth from it all of that past that had not counted when it was present, and reconsidered both it and myself. In fact I began to resurrect myself at different periods of life, and the little and big girls that emerged impressed me at first as complete strangers, so long a time had gone by since I had even thought of them. And desiring, perhaps, to make up for neglect and to chase the reproaches from their eyes I let them play with the little and big boys that you contemporaneously were, and when I witnessed the devotion they inspired in those charming boys I began to take pleasure and some pride in being related to them.

And that's how I began to feel myself as the resultant of my past selves as well as the tendency toward my future self. . . .

This is what I wanted to tell you; how philosophy came to me as a deliverer from the trammels and the limitations of self and as the teacher of life; how she held complete sway over all I owned until quite lately, and how, although she is still my great friend, full of promises and of inspiration, her domain is reduced. I now recognize that the present is real, and immensely real, and that you are its torch. And that it should so vitally and tremendously count and that your affection should make this appraisement is my great and undeserved good fortune.

HENRIE

DEAR TADDEO,

My dissertation is practically finished and now goes into Herr Schulze's corrective hands voluntarily outstretched at a time when he too is cramming for exams, so that it is truly kind of him to make this offer and unkind of me to accept it.

From hearing the production of books compared to the creation of children I had come to think of this book as the child of my brain; now that it is born I realize how inapt is the comparison. For its birth instead of enriching me, leaves me mourning its loss. Departed and gone by into the world, the thing that lived and grew within me, severed from me, is now extinct for me. As for the mind that produced it, an opaque mist seems to have descended upon it and like an exhausted field just despoiled of its fruit it stands in need of a clover season to regain fertility. I am wondering what my clover will be; what it is that is going to stimulate my will to do and re-vitalize my fatigued and exploited personality. For I'm

tired and discouraged. I may have succeeded in doing a respectable piece of work, — in its poor way it is almost perfect, I believe, — but withdrawing from it the pride of a parent and looking at it from the outside of the family circle, so to say, I find it to be nothing more than an exposition and analysis of the thoughts of other minds and their criticism according to standards likewise established by other minds. I have been brought no nearer to truth; I have but detected plentiful new error. And this is not what I need, want and must have.

Yes, my poor first-born, so well put up, so anatomically faultless, you're of the wrong sex, as it were, and hence useless to me! — Herewith I see that I myself have fallen into the time-honoured analogy. Yet as a matter of fact, the only resemblance between real and mental childbearing lies, it seems to me, in both being painful performances of expression; and I admit that I've taken a dislike both to the term and to the process. Turning one's faculties upon oneself, and pressing one's thoughts and intuitions and feelings into forms, — and at that into what forms! — into symbols, already freighted with meaning not one's own, — this procedure has finally disgusted me;

it is too deliberate, too small, too self-conscious. I have now determined to wait until artistic creation becomes for me a process more akin to spontaneous combustion! Yes, when my vision explodes instead of having to be forcibly expressed, I may care to share myself with a public!

Indeed, you are right if you are thinking me down and out, my Taddeo; I don't know down where or out where I am, but it doesn't make one less unhappy not to know the cause of her misery. On the contrary. . . . Perhaps because I don't yet feel the benefit I must have derived from the composition of this essay, as one doesn't feel the benefit of systematic exercise until long after. — Or perhaps because the world is so replete with other things besides, and I have but two eyes and one mind for them. Or more specifically because the world is so full of just these conventional symbols — of words, — and it is so interesting and so exciting to feel that which they already mean, that it would seem as if one never could arrive at expressing oneself in and by means of them. Yes, I think it's this: given that it is most engrossing, enriching and entertaining to feel what other minds have put before me and for

me in books, in music, in art, in the immense cultural tradition, and given that even each one of that unlimited number of words and phrases being constantly pronounced by the most ordinary persons has the strange but compelling power of bringing something new to life in me, — how shall I ever, ever get through them to self-expression?

Not knowing this, I spent most of today lying with my eyes closed to keep the outside world from contact with me. The only things that I could endure to sense were my very own, the beat of my heart and the heat of my eyes, and my breath across my skin, because, somehow, I derived comfort from the feeling that these actions led nowhere, but terminating within myself, seemed to billow my sick spirit maternally.

Your poor
HENRIE

DEAREST TADDEO,

I haven't written, because I've been so awfully, awfully busy. Added to my other and increasing work I have Röschen on my hands. She is a young lady distinguished among her kind for her legible handwriting and hence demanded by Rickert, who holds mine in contempt because so "furchtbar Amerikanisch," and also the typewriter's for reasons unstated, but probably likewise because "Amerikanisch." Röschen's results are indeed phenomenal, but her methods are unaesthetic. She sits doubled up and perspiring over the paper, with strands of her straight hair trailing across it, and a handkerchief in her hot left hand together with a rubber and a knife which she has occasion to apply whenever she copies a long word without first consulting me. My learning in her handwriting strikes me as a monstrosity; yet Rickert likes it!

And besides, I have tried to do my spring shopping.

The shops here, I have discovered, belong

to three distinct social classes. The proletariat class is, of course, the simplest and the closest to nature, and has therefore adopted but few artificial forms. In them one is greeted with a plain "Guten Tag, was winsche Sie bitte?" and one's request is answered by "Jawohl," or "Nein, dees habe mer nit." Both replies to the point and satisfactory. In these establishments, of which florists and bakeries are the most frequent examples, one closes the door herself upon her exit, no matter what may have transpired within. In short, shopping in the proletariat class is business-like and impersonal. Unfortunately, however, proletariat shops contain nothing one wants, besides being rare in this neighbourhood, and so one has to turn to the prosperous "bourgeoisie" which constitutes an overwhelming majority on the Kaiserstrasse.

The "bourgeosie" proceeds in its dealings with the public on the general principle that it can furnish everything necessary to a human being's welfare, and that demands which it cannot supply are either eccentric or idiotic, and in any case improper. Accordingly one is invariably answered by a "Gewiss meine Dame" on stating one's request. The confi-

dence which produces this immediate and instinctive reply as invariably sends the sales-lady off on a hunt for the article demanded, and only after meeting with defeat at the hands of experience does her theory of the universality of her property in the satisfaction of human wants break down. Far from conceiving this state of affairs to be proof of her own imperfection, however, the sales-lady, or the owner of the shop to whom an appeal is habitual under these circumstances, naturally and in accordance with "bourgeois" ethics, interprets the lack of harmony between supply and demand as a defect of the latter. A few types of criticism on the nature of this defect may be found in the following types of answer. The one to a request for brown silk stockings: "Also, das gibt es nicht; in schwarz und weiss schon, aber in farbig werden seidene Strümpfe nicht angefertigt. Aber könnte die Dame nicht weiss brauchen? Ach so, mit braunen Schuhen zu tragen! Aber eigentlich sieht weiss doch viel eleganter aus. Wie? Gewiss meine Dame, in 'fil d'Écosse' führen wir sie schon. Welche Nummer, wenn ich bitten darf? Acht ein halb? Ach nein, das gibt's überhaupt nicht! Wie ich ihren Fuss ansehe,

wäre das überhaupt viel zu klein für die Dame. Mit neun ein halb kann ich schon dienen, und wäre gerade richtig für die Dame. Wie, acht und halb ist ihre Nummer? Ausgeschlossen, dass die Dame das tragen könnte. Ich glaube fast, die Dame beabsichtigt, überhaupt nicht zu kaufen."

Or, upon trying to find a broad-brimmed shade hat, and seeing but one which approximately answered the purpose but was so battered in that the straw was broken: "Also das wäre genau was die Dame verlangt. Besser könnte man es nirgends finden. Kaput? Ach nein, die Dame, das wäre doch nicht kaput, das könnte nur etwas durch das Liegen gebogen sein. Ein Loch? Ach aber so klein, die Dame. Schliesslich sind doch alle grosse Hüte kaput. Das geht eben nicht anders."

From these replies, containing negatives, even if disguised ones, the necessary conclusion that follows is the obligation to close the door after oneself, whereas the purchase of even five cents' worth of "bourgeois" goods insures to the purchaser a dignified exit through doors held wide open, an approving "good-bye," and a warm invitation to honour the shop soon again. The temptation to leave the door open

in the first contingency is very great, being, as it were, the natural equivalent for a last word in a wordy encounter, but great discretion has to be exercised in deciding when to succumb to this temptation, as, paradoxically, by leaving the door open, one so to say shuts the door upon oneself and the other side of it for ever.

Alas, if one flees from the bustling complacency of the "bourgeoisie" to the more reserved emporiums, the aristocracy among shops, hoping for more liberal treatment. The bustle, to be sure, is absent, and for the smiling taking-possession of the purchaser there is substituted a cringing but more formal "Womit darf ich dienen, meine Gnädige?" If in this case an unknown, or at any rate unowned article was asked for, the answer in this type of shop indicates a totally different attitude of mind. The owner or attaché of the ancient and aristocratic emporium replies: "Nein, das führen wir allerdings nicht, das wird von unserer feinen Kundschaft nicht verlangt." Or, "Wir führen nur das Feinste und Modernste aus *Karlsruhe*" (pronounced like Paris), or "Also solche Ware bekommen Sie vielleicht in den billigen Geschäften." And so on: obviously,

the aristocracy doesn't deny that other ideas than its own exist, but it finds them uninteresting and relegates them to a lower sphere. That which it owns, it considers not the whole, but certainly the best. — So I am being very economical. —

Have I told you that Herr Weiss is coaching me in some branches of economics not given at the University this term. He comes twice a week for several hours, and we have coffee and conversation in between working sessions. To-day we spoke of "knowing" life. He, as most men, I suppose, claimed that to know life was to see men at their average and their worst; the unformulated but basic idea being that in the expression of their physical appetites human beings are most alive. I contended that, on the contrary, the completest insight into human affairs was to be gotten not from random individuals but from those most comprehensive personalities who had led the race in its evolution. I claimed that no one informed by them could traverse life without understanding it and intensely living it, whereas anyone might easily be among those who know the life of the primal appetites in all its phases and yet go through its performance dully and me-

chanically and without any vitalizing sense of personal significance.

And he argued that it is the universal things that are the important and real, and I argued that it is the things that form the womb of the future that are the vital ones, and he claimed that it was necessary to see how masses of men acted under the general and ineluctable conditions of their lives, and I insisted that it was necessary to educate one's eyes through the knowledge and the vision of the seers before all else. I maintained that one could not see by simply standing in the crowd, nor feel by rubbing up against it, nor live by acting with it, if one was blind, and insensitive and unconscious, and that in the end it was a matter of being alive oneself and responding to the vital forces that played around one; — that, in short, knowing life was an inner and not an outer experience. He didn't agree with me, but you do, do you not, Taddeo?

And what I did not enlarge upon to Weiss is that I have so different a personal feeling in regard to all this: — everything in me cries for life and more life, and yet I cannot believe that to plunge headlong into experiences that seem like the most dramatic moments of life —

the final fulfilments of delicate promises and of swelling developments — brings one to life at its richest. I believe that one must be prepared for living as for all else; that one must be trained to absorb it with all one's faculties and that only so complete a relationship to life does justice to all its dimensions.

I suppose my theory of life is idealistic in the same sense in which my theory of reality is: I hold life to be largely my own creation. And this no doubt is why the so-called universal or elemental things impress me so little in and of themselves and interest me only in relation to the individual and particular cases that manifest them. And also why I believe that it is I who must give weight and beauty and largeness to these universal experiences if they are to have such a character, — when I grant them admission. And this is why Weiss studies physics and economics and why I study philosophy and ethics and myself. . . .

I'm cramming history as well, so you must put up with these hurried letters: regard them as swift glances that promise more from their owner than she may ever have the power to give. —

"A propos" of history listen to the following

for a real occurrence. I have been working in the historical Seminar for some time, reading the necessary Latin sources contained in its library (what a fate for a modern person in a hurry!). This Seminar-room's atmosphere is even worse than that of our philosophical one, quite mediaeval in fact, and it has a desolate look and only a few depressed students ruminate therein. Last Wednesday, while I was absorbed in work, a small, stout, pompous, brown-bearded, bespectacled professor entered, stood as if petrified upon seeing me, turned red with anger and burst out:

"Also, wenn ich bitten darf, was machen Sie hier, mein Fräulein?"

I explained to him that I was "making" knowledge for the purpose of a nearby Doctor examination.

"Who gave you permission?"

"Professor Linke with whom I am working."

"I am Professor Taube, head of the department, and what you say is incomprehensible to me (his tone said: you cannot be speaking the truth), for Professor Linke knows that it is I alone who have the say here; und Sie müssen schliesslich selbst einsehen, dass ich es den katholischen Studenten unmöglich zu-

muten kann, mit Ihnen hier im Zimmer beisammen zu sitzen."

He swept his hand around toward the frocked student body, represented by two gentlemen. One St. Anthony was just then timidly blowing his nose and the other was rubbing a spot out of his robe, and in between both were peering over their glasses with round eyes and twisted necks at their irate and excited protector.

"Therefore," continued he, "I must ask you, mein Fräulein, to remove yourself."

"Gewiss, Herr Professor," I replied, "but it will make things more difficult for me, for I need this library."

"Das," exploded he, "thut mir sehr Leid," (his tone said, and I quite understood, "das ist Nebensache").

So I removed myself, torn between indignation and a desire to laugh loud. Nor could Professor Linke do anything more for me than apologize and sympathize and lend me a few of the most necessary books from his own library. But I fancy that when he examines me he will remember the handicap the human frailty of the man with the cold, and of the other with the dusty coat, imposed on me.

So you see there are rifts in the stifling clouds

of philosophy in which I am leading a shut-in, sultry and dramatic existence.

I have just been visiting the night on my balcony. The lilacs are beginning to blossom and the cherry tree in the neighbouring garden is pink and white in the moonlight and my throat is tense and my eyes wet from a balked longing to go out to the moonlit meadows and walk there alone with my memories and hopes and perplexities. . . .

And I foresee that there will be many, many more handicaps and limitations and hedges and fences and chains to be suffered when I am completely grown up and completely a woman, horribly unfair and almost mutilating ones. And I already know that if it were not for you I should detest being a woman.

Your HENRIE

DEAR THADDEUS,

No, I am not flirting with Herr Schulze; for many reasons, one of which suffices: I feel no inclination to. Principle has nothing to do with it, and the fact that you may think it has (though I don't believe you do) is so amazing to me that I feel compelled to try to formulate my views on flirting for your benefit, although I feel no inclination to do this either. Not that I know all about it, for no doubt there are many kinds of flirtation and I have thought about my own kind only. If for instance it's true, as it is said to be, that some flirt to arouse sex-feeling and passion I haven't observed it. However that may be, I flirt to arouse feeling, irrespective of its nature, and in order to see something in the outside world happen through my instrumentality and thus to quicken my sense of power and of life. The same taste and instinct would lead me to choose scrubbing among all forms of manual labor, because there too things happen before your eyes through your agency. I love to see the soapsuds fly and new

colours and shapes emerge from under the disappearing dirt. I love to see conventional attitudes fly and real feelings and real relations between myself and "him" arise and grow and change and die, as I will them to. The fact that often some shade of sex-feeling ranging from sky-blue sentimentality to purple passion results, is accidental as far as I am concerned and finds its simple explanation in that man is most easily moved through these feelings, and that sex is woman's instrument because she is its master and man its slave. (More or less.) Curl up your lips at my precocious wisdom; it sounds impressively foreign to my ears too!

So, although flirting is play and is most exciting when two play at it, because it then contains the element of wariness, of competition and of victory, it is a seductive game even if one's partner be unconscious of what is being done with him, for it nevertheless engenders a lively sense of power. And not only that: as a violin singing through one's instrumentality in turn plays upon one's own state of feeling, so the responses of the other called forth by oneself, affect oneself: one plays with the other, and one plays with oneself, and the game becomes a dangerous game. —

I suppose there are some women who prostitute flirtation to a means toward marriage, and if so, I believe they are to be pitied rather than condemned, because social prejudices preclude women from simple and frank love-making. And there may be others who flirt to arouse passion because they feel well in an atmosphere of passion, and still others who flirt because they take it to be the correct thing to do; — but leaving aside all these impure uses of flirtation and considering her only who flirts for the love of flirting, such a one could never, I think, flirt with a man who is unsympathetic to her, for flirtation is an intimate game; nor could she, I am sure, unless so young or so shortsighted as to confuse play and reality, flirt with a man she loves. For I can't believe that love has anything to do with feelings of power or supremacy, or with struggles and victories and pretences, or with the sentimental enjoyment of changing emotion. I believe — and I believe with *certainty* — that love is the simple desire for complete union of two separated souls and bodies and the steps by which such a union is achieved must necessarily be a profound and thrilling mystery, because their character and their

significance and their charm derive solely from their ultimate goal, and nothing else in connection with them counts.

To return to Herr Schulze, whose first name, Teddy, he owes to his Mother's interest in a "Duchess" novel hero at the time of his birth: — I suppose I am not flirting with him because I'm not in the mood for playing and I'm not in the mood for playing because I'm too busily occupied with other things — perhaps. — Fancy me on one of our walks confiding to Herr Schulze, while gazing into his mild and unblinking blue eyes: "When I shall have returned to New York, Herr Schulze, I shall think of you often, both the you that typifies that which I like in your race — of your simplicity, your mild and introspective sentimentality and your love of speculation, — and also, Herr Schulze, of your individual self, your eighteenth century flavour, your bland smile, the way you wrinkle your face when you say something you are particularly charmed by, your green beaded house slippers with a pink rose on the toe, presumably confectioned by your sister, though undoubtedly, werter Herr Schulze, any normal Freiburg young lady would have been proud to have been granted

that privilege; — and — (where am I?) — I shall think furthermore of the way you look at me, half patronizingly and half admiringly 'und mit vieler freundlicher Gesinnung in den lichten blauen Augen,' and I fear that I shall have 'Heimweh' after Freiburg, lieber Herr Schulze (with a sentimental smile after the word Freiburg), und so weiter."

Fancy me taking the trouble to say something of this sort simply to see what would result while I am worriedly thinking, "I wonder whether he remembers the details of the 'Atheismus-Streit,' I have forgotten them again" and "good Heavens, Herr Schulze, what was the name of Kant's opponent in the public defence of his thesis you mentioned ten minutes ago, that's gone too," etc. etc.

Anyway, I don't.

But I must tell you how I became acquainted with the beaded slippers. Schulze and I spent a number of mornings together, cramming, in an arbour of the Schulze garden, which as you may not know is a scientific, a "landwirthschaftlicher" garden attached to the agricultural school his father directs. The school occupies several floors of a large house and the family occupies the rest. As for the garden

I don't know what grows in it, I have never had time to walk in it, but from the arbour the growing things all look like backward vegetables and infant trees and are laid out with great regularity, so that the garden suggests a hospital for weak green things and makes a delicate, meagre, Botticellesque impression.

One morning it was raining so hard when I arrived that the arbour was out of commission and I "drang" into the house. I see now that I "drang," for Schulze evidently did not expect me, trusting to some quality I did not possess to so inform me, but at the time it seemed to me quite the natural and normal thing to do, and I accordingly rang the bell and asked for him. It was then I made the acquaintance of his working clothes and the bright green slippers embroidered in beads with the bright pink full blown rose resting on the toes, and silver leaves, — did I say that before? — because there were silver leaves, and a little blue beetle nestling in the rose, — and on each foot too. We immediately set to work in a friendly little family sitting room decorated with Japanese fans and shells and cowbells and other souvenirs of Swiss resorts, and although Herr Schulze was not in his most buoyant mood all went well for

a few minutes. Then suddenly a sewing machine began to whirr quite deafeningly, and I looked up to discover the source of the disturbance and found that the door was open into the next room, the home of the sewing machine. I looked at Herr Schulze and then at the door and back again at Herr Schulze without effect: he pretended to neither hear nor see. We went on for a few minutes, but couldn't hear one another, for so did the sewing machine. I again looked silently but expressively at Herr Schulze, the door and Herr Schulze. And if I hadn't gotten up and closed it with an "Erlauben Sie, es stört mich zu sehr," — to which he responded with a red face and a helpless "Bitte, bitte," — the door would still be open, and the sewing machine and the domestic Chesterfield who was operating it would still be tyrannizing over the manifestations of Herr Schulze's mild and inoffensive temperament.

These spring days are so lovely, so balmy and hazy and vague, and there is so much air in them, and it is so still, they somehow seem like globes of glass that you cannot get yourself and your affairs inserted into, and you stand outside their transparent sphere and admire

something you can't get at. And in the meanwhile the loveliness of the days goes to waste. How is your spring in Paris, mon pauvre ami?

Votre pauvre amie H.

I must say it just *once:* Taddeo, Taddeo, how I miss you.

MY DEAR TADDEO,

I attended Seminar for the last time yesterday. At its close I inquired of Professor Rickert, standing aside with him, whether there were any special regulations in regard to dress at the examination. (I had been warned by someone that there were.)

"Yes indeed," he cried out in his lecture tones, so that everyone wheeled about and stood at attention, "I must beg of you to dress in black, entirely in black. I insist upon this because two years ago Fräulein Braun appeared in a skirt which 'allerdings' was dark blue or perhaps even black, with which, however, she wore a pink waist, and it really looked very bad, very bad. So that I then determined not to permit anything but black in the future. I shall expect you therefore, Fräulein Waste, to appear in a completely black dress."

After the door closed, a hubbub arose. Someone suggested a modified dress-suit, someone else a black jet evening gown, others offered to shop for something suitable, and we

were all vastly amused. Nevertheless it is a great nuisance to have to bother to get a dress at this moment, especially here, where the dressmakers are so helpless, and all because Fräulein Braun didn't wear a pink skirt or a dark blue waist two years ago. I did immediately telegraph to Rome to Florine to ask whether she could lend me a dress of hers for the occasion, and have just received this reply: "Have already expressed lovely black chiffon with gold dots, wine coloured and purple underdress, Poiret. Florine."

So here I am, having my besetting sin officially mixed up with my certificate of virtue, and chasing from the pages of Windelband and Lotze designs of a ceremonial gown of complete black to be executed by Fräulein Schützenbogen in the Ameisenstrasse, and to be worn by Fräulein Waste at nine o'clock on a spring morning, on the great day.

Do you know, as the great day approaches, and this cramming process thickens, and I stuff myself with thousands of uninteresting facts simply for the purpose of expelling them showily but definitely on that great day, I begin to ask myself why in the world I am doing it, and I now remember that you asked me that

question last spring, when I brushed it aside as an irrelevant sort of query.

I suppose it seemed irrelevant then because I failed to realize what a lot of time got wasted in cramming, thinking that examination would mean the giving forth of what one actually knew among the many things one wanted to know. Now I see that rather it is going to be an exhibition of the things the authorities wish me to be acquainted with, most of which I have habitually snubbed in passing, and with which I must therefore form a horrid false legal sort of intimacy for the purpose of display, intending privately to sever this ostensible connection immediately after.

But aside from the misconception of the nature of the examination, there were plenty of reasons why I wanted it. I wanted the excitement of the enterprise, I think, and I wanted the enterprise in a foreign setting because it gives to it the flavour of an intellectual adventure. And I wanted it also because I feel that by doing the conventional thing one directs attention away from oneself, and remains freer, more independent, more private. And I also wanted it, because I held a hazy theory that being a woman, and one of the first

to study philosophy in "foreign parts" it might somehow redound to the benefit of the feminist cause if I did the act in the regular respectable way. And then, besides, and perhaps chiefly, I haven't any sense of time anyway, and it's correspondingly hard for me to know when I'm wasting it. It may be one of your friendly duties to serve as my time-piece, Taddeo dear; an impressive one, with cock-crows and a simple melody, — and a figure of death with a scythe, to warn, to encourage and to impress me.

So I did it, or rather I'm going to do it in a short time. I shan't tell you the exact moment because you might elect to go through it with me in imagination, you dear, and that would be an unnecessary trial for you and quite useless to me. Before it happens, however, I have to pay calls in white gloves on all the gentlemen involved, for which I see no earthly reason, wherefore it must be a tradition.

Well, living is complex and exciting and strenuous and sweet and it's wonderful just to be doing it. And aside from the pretences of this cramming, I find, on looking backward and inward, that I have indeed been monstrously acquisitive and that I am really beginning to

possess things. And, Taddeo, this discovery has brought a lot of others in its train, which seem to me to clear up so much that has been puzzling me and withstanding my efforts at comprehension, that I think it most important for you to share them. Thus, I have discovered that knowledge is a possessive state, a mere spiritual counterpart of material wealth. And that, although there is exhilaration in the exercise of the will for power in both the material and spiritual pursuit, it is not, as Nietzsche claimed for it, a "vornehm," an aristocratic attitude or occupation characterizing the man of distinction. For the kernel of power is possession, and possession is control over the "other." Nietzsche indeed seeks to include hardness toward self in his will for power, but it is nevertheless difficult to see what function self-control can exercise in an organism moved simply and consistently by a will for power over all it can lay hands on.

The ideal of science — possession and control of our world — I believe to be ennobled by the use it is put to, and greed for power to be vulgar no matter what sphere it attacks. For, although one speaks of knowledge for its own sake, and although one means something

thereby, namely that knowledge flourishes most abundantly when the mind that cultivates it concentrates upon itself and not upon its uses, — one cannot mean that apart from these uses knowledge is a noble ideal. Indeed if it were possessed for the joy of possession alone and hoarded as a miser's money is hoarded, its owner would be as vulgar in spirit as the miser, would he not? Is it not in fact true, that the pursuit and possession and control called knowledge becomes "noble" only in practical use toward material and social ends, or in spiritual use toward the enlargement of personality, and that it then is noble because, instead of being "held," it is "shared," and that means, injected into conditions and relations that point and flow outward toward "others."

And here I have made the *most* illuminating discovery. I have divined — gropingly sensed — another attitude of the spirit toward the world as the noble one! It is loosely contained, or perhaps only vaguely suggested, in what the verb "to be" implies as contrasted with the verb "to have." I believe that the aristocratic nature is actuated by an impulse or longing or passion, or call it what you will, to

merge in feeling and in thought with the "other," to become absorbed; to "become" that other. And this implies desire for and acceptance of equality to the very limit of individuality: to identity.

To ask nothing of anything or anyone save the opportunity of uniting yourself with itself, as in the contemplation of beauty, or the enjoyment of art, as in the love of nature and of humanity, and as, most perfectly, in the mutual love of man and woman, — does it not seem to you that herein one is fulfilling one's individual destiny in a manner consistent with the ideal of human dignity and equality?

And the connection between being and owning is very simply this, I think, that we should apply what we "have" of knowledge to "becoming" the manifold being we wish to be in moments of vision. And our larger personalities are but steps to the final ideal of unreserved fusion, when giving and taking, sacrifice and possession cease to have meaning.

Or do you think that this is a purely feminine attitude? It seems truly to be mine.

Your
HENRIE

I am beginning to feel so excited, so excited! And back of it there is another layer of feeling I keep pushing back all the time without looking at it, but I think it is pure happiness! Oh Taddeo, Taddeo, Taddeo!

DEAR TADDEO,

From my diary:

"Examination started at nine o'clock. Rickert, Schulze-Gaevernitz, Linke and Dekan Götze were present, and my child in Röschen's swaddling clothes was lying on the table.

All bow stiffly. I am asked to be seated. Rickert begins to question me; asks questions that require epic answers, for instance: trace development of the dualism of mind and matter throughout the history of philosophy. Very impatient, takes words out of my mouth, if they do not flow torrentially, which they do not, as I must consider both the thought and the German. The hour passes in fifteen minutes. Fair and quite comprehensive examination.

Then Schulze-G. Very mean; not a single question touches on any of his courses or Fuchs' or their books; limits himself to currency and finance, in which I am poorly versed and wouldn't be versed at all, were it not for Herr Weiss. Indignation helped to clog my meagre output of information. The half hour passes

in five minutes. . . . Then Linke. Amiable and considerate; easy examination. The half hour passes in half an hour.

I then am requested to leave the room. I promenade in the hall suspended in a temporal vacuum in which nothing of course could take place, not even a thought. —

Recalled to time and the flux of events, I find the four powers standing in a formidable group, staring at me. The Dean announces that I have been promoted to "Doctor Philosophiae, magna cum laude," thereupon shakes hands with me, saying pleasantly: "Ich gratuliere, Fräulein Doktor"; so does Rickert, so does Schulze-G., so does Linke; — and I am discharged.

I walked home and my mind produced nothing more than memories of questions and outlines of much better answers than I made, but around these sharp thoughts there lay a fringe of content, which, when struck by attention, sounded a note something like this: It's all over and successfully finished.

When I reached this room I changed my black dress to a light one (to complete the episode, I fancy) and sat down to this book and here I am seated and I've written this and *it's over*. Finis."

DEAR TADDEO,

That was an hour ago, and then I threw down my pen, and flung myself on the couch and wept. I think I've been weeping ever since. And the tears, — those of blessed relief that the strain is over, those of satisfaction that it has resulted in success, those of fatigue, and those of pain because you are not here, — the tears drained from my soul all its worrying complexities and left it shining in simplicity, so that no one, not you, nor I, could by any possibility discover anything else in it but only my love for you, Taddeo.

That you should not be here to receive it, that I must gather it up in poor words to send to you, and that you in turn must extract it from these words before you take possession, that in this unnatural process some of it may leak away to waste, — *that you should not be here* where I am, this is my chief concern!

How I shall ever arrive at telling you how it feels to love you, I don't know! Perhaps if I try to tell you how it felt not to love. — Not

to love is exactly like being shut up in a transparent shell; — one sees, one hears, one understands, but one touches nothing living. All is there, outside and beyond, beauty and pain and excitement, but nothing is there for you, lonely stranger in a baffling world, nothing but the longing to grasp it all.

And then the shell crumbles, and all that is around you begins to live in you. You feel the air and the dead things in nature, you thrill to beauty and respond to pain and all that you suffer is an excitement and an incitement to give yourself to the thing you love. To live alone even in thought, to repress the desire to serve, to spend, to become what you touch, is no longer possible, it is intolerable, it is death.

And to be loved in return, as you love me, is to be accepted and suddenly to become by spontaneous generation, as it were, what otherwise entails slow and painful growth: a new, a larger, a nobler individual. . . .

I know now why power to visualize the invisible and to feel the touch of the absent has been given to me; I know why I who lack expression possess imagination. For I am putting my arms around you, and I feel the stuff of your coat on the palm of my hand, and

the texture of your skin and the ebb and flow of your blood on my cheeks, and the lashes of your eyes against mine, and your breath on me and your lips and mine united, and I thrill to these mere thoughts of you just as if they were the physical sensations they shadow and foreshadow. And when I consider that your arms too will embrace me and that your lips will respond to mine and that you will for the first time be Taddeo loved by me, it excites me beyond anything I ever imagined! For I am used to myself silently loved by you, and I am now feeling myself loving you, but what you will be when loved by me, my Taddeo, my wonderful new real lover, I shall know only in the full reality of experience.

You are not here to shut out all but the present, and I am looking into our future. I think we shall truly live together; I think of ourselves as completely one, somehow, using one another's senses and emotions, faculties and talents and behaving in some extraordinary way quite differently than we did as separate individuals, as two chemicals behave differently when fused into one substance.

Yes, my Taddeo, I am not going to take possession of you, I am going to attempt to

be you, because you are altogether beautiful. On the way to you I shall be the air that touches a refreshing sparkling fountain and you will be that fountain; I shall be a butterfly that blissfully perishes in the heart of a honey-laden flower and you will be that flower; I shall be a greedy girl whose lover concentrates the wealth of the world into an embrace, and you will be that generous lover. For you can deny me nothing, who am ready to give you all I can ever become. . . . Together we will listen to the voices of the world and through our love its language will become plain to us and its music will dictate the rhythm of our quickened life. And will not my dark stupidities be dissipated by the light of our new vision and all mystery be dissolved in the greater mystery of our love and union? I don't know, but it seems to me that only miracles such as these can flow from the miracle that I love you more than myself and wish to be so close to you that I shall be one with you at the price of self-immolation.

And nevertheless, and wonderfully, although my love for you permeates me, it does not crush anything else but only flavours all that takes place in my spirit. Rather in its slow

growth it seems to have established relations with every faculty and gift I may have and with all the ideas I hold. So that not only am *I* that love of you, but even parts of me are it; — it comes along with all I do, think and feel, and it comes not in the dim background as a penumbra, but clearly, brightly, importunately. It demands, in fact, to be looked at and considered as well as wondered at and enjoyed; and what I have seen I will try to record for you.

You will smile at me, Taddeo, — well, smile while you may, for when you see me and have me, you will not smile your brother smile, not for a little while, not until you grow accustomed to me, — for I must tell you that one thing I have seen is the certainty that I would not love you as I do, if I had not studied philosophy! No, and for many reasons.

In the first place you would not have found so many budding ideas to fasten yourself to, for I have *thought* you into my heart, no matter what you may think about it. Indeed, I'm not sure that you did not arrive in my life at the psychological moment, when you reaped the harvest philosophy had sown. For in retrospect I seem to understand that had I not followed the promptings of my philosophy-

desiring soul, had I not kept carefully asunder intellectual speculation and emotional appraisements, most probably the two would have merged and produced some form of religious or philosophical mysticism, and all my outgoing potencies of intuition and sympathy would have been sucked up by objects incapable of response and incapable of fecundating the spirit, and there would have been nothing greater for you than for the sun and stars and winds and flowers and brothers and sisters. For at one time I somehow passionately desired union with all of these, some mystic coalescence in which I should cease to have limits and should enter completely into their beings in order through them to grasp reality. How I expected to grasp reality after having lost self-consciousness I do not know, yet the desire was painfully profound.

But I clung to my rationalistic ideas, conceiving philosophy as possessive thought and I struggled on toward her, holding in check my outgoing sympathies. And I have my reward. It is you, you wonderfully wise, pure, sweet and harmonious being who love me, and in you all my own diffused impulses toward love and absorption have concentrated.

So I owe it to her, philosophy, that I *can* love you completely.

And I certainly owe it to her that I *do* love you completely, for I owe my personality to her. Indeed I have come to think of her as more than a friend who bestowed eyes on my blindly striving and suffering and ceaselessly agitated spirit; I compare her service, finding no formulation for it, to that of the inexplicable force that manifests itself as consciousness. Yes, I believe that philosophy has given to my soul consciousness of self, has endowed it with power to feel itself as a related whole, to "flairer" its own trend, and to employ all the facts and forces intelligence can command for the purpose of shaping this soul into a personality. . . . And it is only since I feel myself a unified and self-directed whole that I have completely loved you; that I have responded without hesitation to you; that something in me answers with certainty to your harmony and your insight and your sweetness and all your thousand beauties I burn to share. . . .

But if I owe to her all these treasures, your love of me and my love of you and the liberation from spending myself in thwarted desire; — to what do I owe the knowledge of the meaning

of life that I suddenly seem to possess? Is it to our love alone, or indirectly to philosophy as well, who, when directly interrogated, kept silent? . . . Because I now know that what I asked of the accumulated wisdom of the ages, and of the latest discoveries of the exact science of our day, — and asked in vain, — the revelation, namely, of an end and aim for life which should contain the finality that reason demands of ultimate purpose, as well as the condition for continuance and growth that life itself demands, — I have now found in the state of love. I now know, my Taddeo, that the desire for union, of which our love is the most perfect type since it is the life-furthering and life-enriching type, is the final purpose of living. I think clearly to perceive that the individual soul can have no other ideal which shall contain both consummation and growth than that of becoming ever larger, more subtle, and more comprehensive of all that brother souls have breathed into our common world, — our so vast and intricate and still so diverging common world. And I can't conceive the things we do and have done and hope to do, and call civilization, as anything other in meaning than approaches of spirit to spirit. I no longer get

any value-feeling from our greatest achievements, science, social order and art, as ends in themselves; I respect them simply as means to the end of educating men to comprehend and through comprehension to love their fellow-men. For what other reason, half so satisfying, can we demand all that democracy implies, freedom from poverty, opportunity for education and leisure for the cultivation and enjoyment of art? For "happiness" is an envelope of a word, rather than a word; it contains anything one pleases to wrap into it and no one can measure, test, or logically dispute the contents, for they are individual and subjective. But power to love and to merge in fruitful understanding with the manifestation of spiritual life about us is a definite, determinable thing. And therefore all forms of our culture can be considered in relation to this final end, and we can know whether they help man to approach his brother in sympathy, or set up barriers that permit the desire for possession and exploitation to arise.

You and I, Taddeo, shall work for all that furthers understanding and spiritual union, shall we not, with the aid of what philosophy will continue to teach us, and with our own

complete love as an example and a guide in our striving to grasp in sympathy all that is human. And when we love and long for the beauty of the sun and stars and the song of the bird and the perfume of the flower, it will be from an overflow of our love for the living and fecund, and not because we are too poor or too fastidious or too afraid to approach our own kind, preferring to waste in sterile longing or in unconscious and deathlike absorption the instinct for life which is love.

Since I have let my love for you shine out and spread its glow through and about me, all sorts of things have already happened to me. I seem to have attracted multitudes that never before dwelt with me. Words and phrases and poems, melodies, pictures, scenes and visions have come from the ends of the earth and from all the years and places of my life crowding into my memory. And they all celebrate you and they all seem to strive toward you in dumb yearning to be seen and heard and shared by you. So hasten, hasten to me, my Taddeo, my lover, my friend, my brother.

Your

HENRIE